



# Coroni

issue 6, vol 54, july 2002

you can leave your hat on:

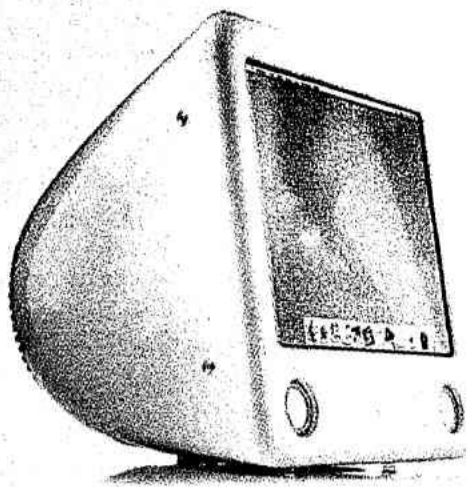
stripping and its secrets

the trauma of being a male model

the union debunked

landmines: no victory

bushweek



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>> Brad Oakes -10/4

wednesday

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1/2 price entry to  
**Comedy Club** with  
UNI PRIVILEGES CARD  
(UPC)

friday

no cover charge  
2-4-1 with UPC  
10pm-11pm

thursday

2-4-1 drinks  
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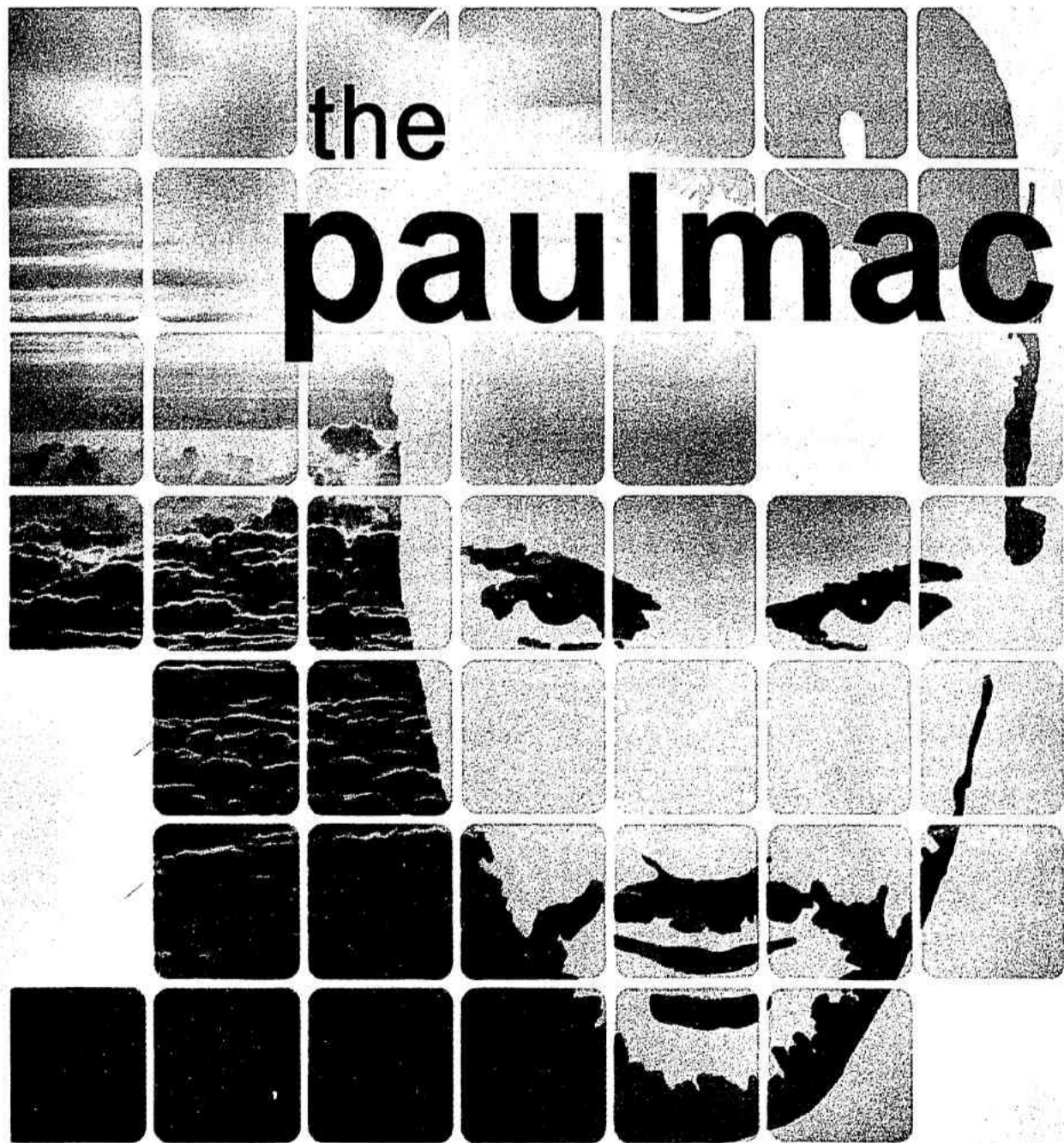
saturday

\$5 cover charge  
+ 2-4-1 drinks  
with UPC from  
9.30pm-11pm



insomnia

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# the paulmac experience

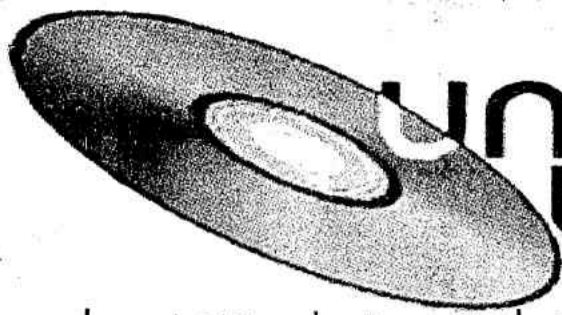
University of Canberra Union presents...

Sat August 3 at the University of Canberra  
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18+ only event.

Tickets from UCU, Impact Records  
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uni bar

ANU

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- 19TH JUL HIGH VOLTAGE 2002 blood duster, earth & pod people
- 20TH JUL BEXTA (3HR EXTENDED SET)
- 27TH JUL BLACKSHIELD & guests
- 3RD AUG RECIPE - CD LAUNCH
- 6TH AUG CAR & BEER GIVEAWAY something with numbers & mad dash
- 9TH AUG MACHINE GUN FELLATIO & guests

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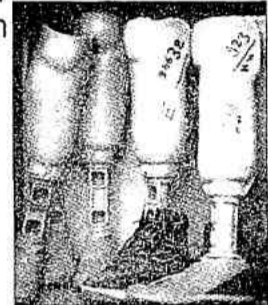
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mathew kenneally investigates how the anu union treats its workers in light of recent pay disputes.

Despite being in force since 1999, the 1997 ban on landmines has been but one small step in the larger battle. loren persi examines the issues.



do male models have more to offer? woroni's self appointed style gurus marla the tumour and reinhold hip assess the talent on parade...

like a g-string with your beer? kitty streeton gets down & funky at sinsations, canberra's most successful adult nightclub.



in love with shakespeare? woroni previews two sparkling new (& affordable) bard productions coming soon to canberra.

plus...

it's that time of year again: bush week complete with scavenger hunt. it's all about fun, frivolity and a series of challenges that make the 12 tasks of asterix pale into insignificance.



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woroni is the official publication of the anu students' association. you can contact us via the phone on 6248 7127, fax 6125 3967 or email at woroni\_articles@anu.edu.au. if you'd rather meet us in person (we're very friendly animals) please come and visit the office in the student services building (near the chifley library, above the commonwealth bank). the opinions expressed in woroni are not necessarily those of the editors or the students' association.

episode six is proudly brought to you by woroni's underfunded resources, our lame reject-bin computers. thanks for listening.

thanks to: professor jim davis, michelle mcwilliams, kleenex aloe vera softness — we thank god for four-ply; panadine; all our friends at twinings (especially lady grey); the mcoutback and most of all jesus, our saviour, who we met thanks to action bus route no. 34. don't go 'a changing lil' lamb!

no thanks to: the parking inspectors, who take no consideration of the welfare and safety and financial wellbeing of the woroni editors. they just don't care about us at all.

# star trek teleporting: one step from reality

mat kenneally

The Australian National University Physics faculty is celebrating an incredible scientific breakthrough. On Monday June 17 at the ANU physics faculty, it was announced that a research team had successfully teleported a laser beam at the ANU. Forty labs around the world had been attempting to teleport a laser beam but had been unsuccessful.

Dr Ping Koy Lam led the research program, 34, along with Professor Hans Bacher and Dr Timothy Ralph. Also assisting with the project was Dr Nicolay Treps, PhD student Mr Warwick Bowen, and Dr Ralph Shumar from Germany.

While, the project is a significant

breakthrough, the teleportation of actual matter is still science fiction. However, Dr Lam stated that this experiment demonstrates that it is theoretically possible to teleport solid matter. When quizzed about the possibility of transporting humans Dr Lam replied, "Currently we are merely trying to teleport one atom... a human consists of  $10^{27}$  atoms," demonstrating the enormity of such a task.

The Australian Research Council (ARC) has provided \$2 million in funding for the project since 1998.

The head of the ARC Vicki Sara stated at the press conference that, "This achievement enhances Australia's status as a centre of world-leading re-

search." Sara noted that the research team had precisely the characteristics the ARC looks for when providing a development grant, as they were young, at the forefront of science, talented, and enthusiastic.

Minister for Science Peter McGauran also spoke at the event stating that, "Your [Dr Lam's] research establishes Australia and the Australian National University as the world leader in this frontier science." He promised that the government would continue to ensure that this project was well funded.

The practical uses of this research are numerous. Teleportation has major applications in quantum computing,

cryptography, and communications. It could enable quantum computers to solve problems millions times faster than current computers. Furthermore, using teleportation encrypted or coded information can be made 100 per cent secure, which would be particularly useful in the finance and defence industries.

Dr Lam thanked the ANU, ARC, and government for their assistance. He also recognised the importance of IBM's role in initiating the research a decade ago. He noted that the ANU would not attempt to pursue funds through patenting but rather that the research intended to "share the information".

## Library

<http://anulib.anu.edu.au>

### Borrowing from Other Libraries

The ANU Library has arranged reciprocal access, and in some cases, borrowing arrangements with a number of the other libraries within Canberra. These libraries include:

- Australian Catholic University (Signadou Campus)
- Australian Defence Force Academy (ADFA)
- Australian Geological Survey Organisation
- Australian Institute of Aboriginal & Torres Strait Islander Studies
- University of Canberra

Undergraduate students are able to use all of these libraries on a reference basis. Borrowing rights can be obtained from the University of Canberra for an annual fee.

ANU Staff and graduate students are able to use all of these library services on a reference basis, and in some instances this includes borrowing privileges. Access to other library institutions within Canberra may also be available. ANU staff and graduate students may also have rights to other library institutions outside of Canberra via the National Borrowing Scheme.

See the Library website, <http://anulib.anu.edu.au/libserv/raccess.html>, for more details.

## new sports hall by end of year

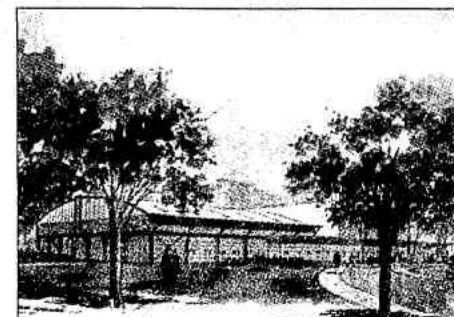
lexi metherell

An additional sports hall is currently under construction on Willows Oval, next to the existing sports hall. The 1.8 million dollar building, which resembles a plane hanger, should be open in December. It will be the same size, and have equivalent features to the current sports hall, besides a climbing wall, including a wide range of courts, as well as a reception area, toilets, showers, and a storage room for sports clubs.

The new sports hall was approved by the University Council and is being built to service the needs of ANU's sporting clubs.

"We've always had an overload of people in clubs — we've got thirty-six clubs here. It's difficult, because we aren't always able to help them all the time, and we have to tell them to go elsewhere. By building this building we can accommodate them and save them money, so they don't have to hire other facilities around Canberra. Also, examinations have always wanted us to build an extra building — they pushed us to do it too. They are hoping to be able to hold all the exams here, instead of all over campus," said Sport and Recreation Association Executive Officer, Clay Coad.

The Sport and Recreation Association has contributed 800,000 dollars to finance the new building, and the remainder was paid by the University's Capital Development Levy, funded by GSF fees.



(Above) The new hanger, sorry, sports hall.



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# bushweek...

## everything you ever wished for and more

### MONDAY

**Jumping Castles Galore** - Union Court, 11am-1pm

Inflatable fun for all! Also included, free Students' Association BBQ, ice cream and music. Celebrate Bush Week bouncing style

**C&S Trivia Night** - Refectory, 6pm

The second annual Inter-Club challenge. This time we're looking for teams of six (pre-register at the Students' Association or just rock up on the night). With a \$200 Bar Tab up for grabs, which ANU Club is most trivia-upped?

### TUESDAY

**Enviro Day**

**ANU Pig Out** — 11am.

How much spaghetti can one stomach hold? Test yours against the best in order to win a \$100 Bar Tab. \$2 entry fee donated to the Australian Conservation Foundation

**Lay Your Art on the Table** — 12pm.

Table painting. Unleash your artistic creativity and revamp a Refectory table.

**ANU Debating Society presents... *That Humans are a Parasite***. Union Court or somewhere else, 2pm.

### WEDNESDAY

**Mini Market Day** — Refectory, 11am-2pm.

See all the bountiful and exciting clubs ANU have to offer. Come along and see what they are offering in semester two.

**Band Night** — ANU Bar, 8pm.

Featuring Blue Print, Ten Horse Foundation and Merge (Sydney). Free to ANU students on presentation of student card. Hurrah for free!

### THURSDAY

**Scav Hunt Frivolities** — Union Court

Watch out for the traditional collection of dangerous and disgusting items brought in by student teams, and marvel at the dangerous and disgusting stunts that will be performed. Judging begins at 12. Free BBQ too!

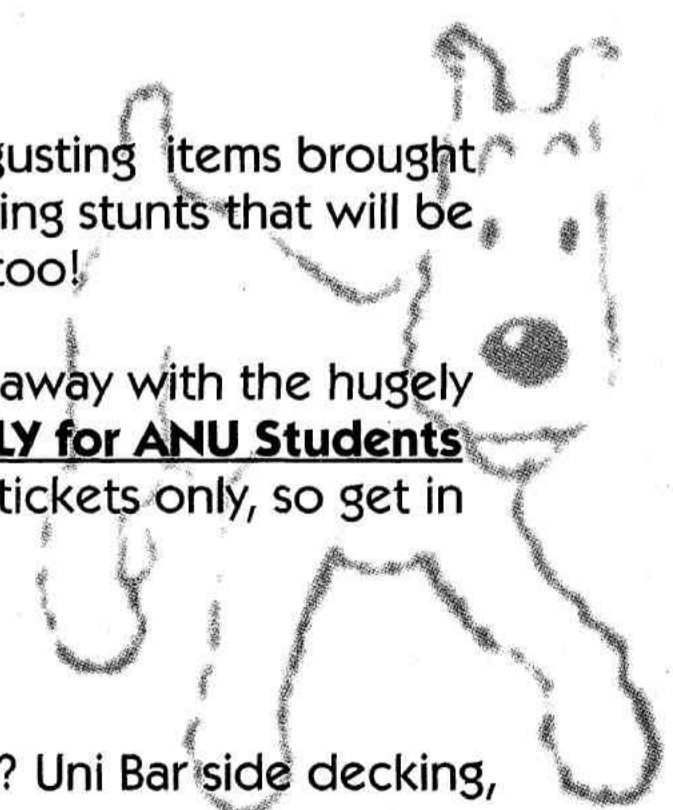
**Sonic Animation** — Uni Bar, 8pm.

The highlight night of the Bush Week line up. Dance the night away with the hugely popular Sonic Animation. Be there, enough said. **Tix \$10 ONLY for ANU Students** (\$25 through ticketec) available through ANUSA. But limited tickets only, so get in early for an awesome night of fun!

### FRIDAY

**Champagne Brunch** — 11am.

Champagne and parties, is there any better recovery breakfast? Uni Bar side decking, provided free by the ANUSA.



more porn, more of the time  
dr beaver gash\*

I must confess I've always loved it, I've always wanted to be a part of it. Yep, that's right, I'm talking about porn, and when I say porn, I mean *porn*. Not tasteful erotica with moody scenes of vampiric lesbians, or any sort of plot device. No I'm talking group sex with six guys and one girl and minimal dialogue. I'm talking women with Barbie doll coloured flesh, plasti-mams that jiggle like a gelatine dessert, and men with names like Rocco who have hideous miens but dicks like a baby's arm holding an apple. That's right my PC friends, downright disgusting, demeaning porn (and there's a part in it for all of you, but I'll get to that later). Ever since my first illicit taste, I've craved more. Despite the fact that it degrades women, and for that matter, men and certain domestic and farmyard animals, I just can't get enough of my dirty, dirty pleasure.

I remember my first ANU market day, drifting aimlessly from stand to stand, wishing I knew what the fuck rogaining was, wondering "is there a niche out there for me?" All these admirable clubs served a purpose, but where was the society for my interests? So my grand idea was born. After all, there had to be plenty of likeminded perverts on campus, surly fringe dwellers forced to sate their primal urges for porn in late night sessions in the labs, or lonely viewings in the parental loungerooms of suburbia. Could not



upon my imaginary club a name worth having; The ANU Adult Film Auters Appreciation Society. Apparently all I had to do was collect 12 signatures and fill in a form constitution, then I could receive SA funding for my filthy little baby. The first part sounded simple enough, I figured all I had to do was sally forth to the bridge lounge (or some other Mecca for disenfranchised psychos) and I'd have ample potential members clamouring for a piece of the sweet pie on offer. With that theoretical hurdle out of the way all I needed was to surmount the bureaucratic issue of making my application palatable to the Students' Association. I consulted with my worldly wise friends who were well versed in the ways of the Uni, and I was told that there might be certain ethical objections to me receiving the funding to realise my dream. Being the inert slob I am this information pretty much put paid to my ambitions, and I had to see my fantasy of



watching porn in a room filled with weirdoes with pillows on their laps crash and burn, alas.

Now my dream lives on, but with a new improved format. That's right, instead of the merely passive watching of porn, I now boldly dream of making it, and being the diligent student I am, I want to involve this campus I love so dear in my creative process. So let me let you in on the ground floor, cos I'm probably gonna need some backing on this one (all donations to

Woroni office). My concept is simple, a revolutionary film for students, by students, starring students, and when I say revolutionary, I mean it. Picture it in your mind's eye, the best and brightest student politicians doing what they do best, prostituting themselves (yeah I know all you guys have major pre-selection wet dreams, don't try to hide it). So let me present to you "You'll be the first with your back against the wall when the revolution cums" a melting pot of history's greatest revolutionaries and their groupies engaging in the sort of sex that would curl your hair. I'm thinking campus left heroes such as "██████" as Che Guevara, facing off with "██████" as Trotsky for the love of a good woman. This of course would lend itself to all sorts of delightful three-way situations that are a must for any connoisseur. Sadly, given the declining number of campus revolutionaries to play part, I would have to bring in some familiar faces that have made the great wrench, and graduated. What say you to "██████" in the role he was born to play, Lenin in a fuckathon - tastefully done, mind you - with "██████" as Stalin; "may the best man win!"

Resistance bucket-holders will join with the disenfranchised Labour Right in a no-holds barred nude re-enactment of the storming of the Bastille, with a certain "██████" on campus starring as a well-hung Marie Antoinette.

Vive la porn!

But why restrain myself to the X-rated talent of the current and former student populations of the ANU? I intend to expand on the certain success of my campus porn endeavours by exploiting the talents of the full bench of the Family Court, local Justices of the Peace, and the (throbbing) members of the ACT Government, Opposition and Cross Bench in features yet to be conceived.

But of course these are only pipe dreams, for without SA funding my vision has come to naught, so remember people, for a reasonable donation, your name can appear in the credits of my opus, and just think how impressive that'll look on your resume when you graduate.

\*The esteemed doctor is a renowned feminist theorist and turbo slut.

eminem: rap hero or homophobic villain?  
alastair lawrie

In the words of the immortal Neighbours star turned pop princess Natalie Imbruglia, "I'm torn." And the source of my anguish? Marshall Mathers III, also known as Eminem, aka Slim Shady.



Obviously, as a queer activist I am opposed to the homophobic, not to mention sexist and misogynistic, vitriol espoused by this many-monikered rapper. On the other hand, I am a fan of music who is particularly enamoured of his undoubted MC-ing abilities. What, then, should I do? Should I protest against his CDs which, politics aside, I would probably buy? Or should I purchase and listen to his records but feel guilty for 'letting the team' down?

The arguments in favour of protesting Eminem are strong. On all three of his full-length releases to date — *The Slim Shady LP*, *The Marshall Mathers LP* and *The Eminem Show* — he consistently uses 'faggot', as a term of abuse. It is like he is a Grade four school student who has simultaneously discovered that swearing is fun and that the worst possible insult is to call someone homosexual. To be fair, the f-word count is well down on *The Eminem Show* compared with his previous efforts. However, even the first single, 'Without Me', includes the line "You 36-year-old bald-headed fag, blow me" [an attack on techno artist Moby]. This is a recurring theme in Eminem's releases — he challenges his critics and other musicians whom he dislikes to 'suck his dick'. In fact, it is almost as if he has a strange fixation on male-to-male sex.

The proposition that Eminem is sexist and misogynistic is even stronger. He says 'bitch' more often than Catholics proclaim 'Hail Mary'. On his CDs he verbally assaults, rapes and/or murders his ex-wife Kim on numerous occasions. In '97 Bonnie and Clyde' he even raps about getting his young daughter Hailie to help him dispose of Kim's body. Disturbingly, it could be a case of life imitating art imitating life with a long history of violence between Marshall and Kim — he is currently on probation for offences involving firearms. His mother, Debbie Mathers-Briggs, does not escape his attention either, "Just bend over and take it like a slut, okay Ma" (from 'Kill You'). Other women seem to exist merely as objects for Eminem to have sex with, consensually or otherwise.

What counter-arguments could there possibly be in support of Eminem? His main defence lies in the ubiquitous claim that it is 'art' and in this way immune from analysis. Homophobic and sexist abuse is apparently more acceptable if it is accompanied by a backing track. While this claim by itself is clearly bogus, it is complicated by the rapper's multiple personalities. When he is dissin' faggots who is actually speaking? Is it Marshall Mathers, the real person; Eminem, his public incarnation; or Slim Shady, his superstar alter-ego? Perhaps he is simply using these characters to express sen-

timents that are held by many in Marshall's homeland, white trailer-trash America, and not by himself.

Nevertheless, his three CDs so far betray this defence. They are all 'offensive' and, by naming each after one of his personas (Slim Shady, Marshall Mathers and Eminem), he is publicly identifying the voice that is responsible, ie, all of them. The extent of homophobia and sexism contained within is also damning. While some abuse could be considered calculated and/or representative, there is far too much to be explained away. Eminem obviously gets off on insulting people because of their sexuality or gender.

But what about THAT duet? At the 2001 Grammys, Eminem performed Stan with possibly the most famous openly-gay singer ever — the grand old queen, Elton John. Doesn't that prove that Eminem isn't homophobic? Well, no, actually. What it does prove is that he is the best self-promoter in the business. More than even 'our Kylie' and the brothers Gallagher combined, Eminem knows how to generate publicity and provide headlines to an eager media. Have a look at your local newsagent and see how many Slim Shadies are staring back at you. This is one of the two things I respect about Eminem — his ability to manipulate the media.

The other is his music. Underneath the hoopla of the circus surrounding Eminem there are actually songs, good ones at that. While controversy has obviously helped, he would not have sold the millions of CDs he has without the requisite talent to back it up. After all, if all it took to have a #1 record was homophobia and sexism in equal parts, the ARIA top five would include John Howard's Not So Great Speeches, George Pell's Swinging Sermons and Alan Jones, Rantings & Ravings. Still, Eminem will never be a great musician until he can achieve his success without the benefit of walking all over political minorities.

So, do I buy or bury his CDs? Would I cheer or chant at one of his concerts? The answer is as clear as the Eminem CDs sitting defiantly atop my stereo. And the factor that ultimately tilts the balance: in a world full of Britney and boy-band bland and talentless clones, Eminem is interesting, talented and unique. To paraphrase himself, it would be so empty without him. Does this make me a hypocrite? Probably. But at least I'm honest about it.

## education for the privileged

leyal

I thought that if I got into uni I could get a well paying job and be 'free'. Actually I got more than that: a \$30K government debt and fantastic marks to make me an "ideal" job applicant.

HECS upfront:

Obviously, if you have no money, then you cannot afford the fantastic discounts this 'option' offers.

Lecturers:

Known for wise comments like: "it is your responsibility to do the reading", "there is no point in coming to this class if you haven't done the required reading" or "you don't have to be here". These people are great examples for newcomers but somewhat out of sync with the real world. They have no idea how it feels to be a fulltime student, a part time worker and a human being. Not only are the statements absurd considering the amount of prescribed reading for every other subject (in addition to attending lectures and tutorials and then writing essays etc) but they also constitute a form of victim blaming.

'Smart people' in lectures:

Great opportunities for the few students to show how 'intelligent' they are by asking questions no one else could possibly have thought about, and no one else understands.

Tutorials:

An interesting glimpse of the real world and liberal democracy: a dialogue between the tutor and the few students who 'actually understand' what is going on — the majority are totally excluded.

Textbooks:

Written by so-called 'academics' (actually people on profit making ventures trying to secure a reputation for themselves by racing to see who can write the most) publish these great (incomprehensible) objects. The next year they publish "updated" versions, just as bad as the previous ones, preventing re-sale. Of course there is no doubt that these are 'reasonably' priced. I am in my sixth year at uni and have never been able to afford the required texts. But wait — there's still more! The innovative supplementary tool known as the 'reading brick' is a must for all ages. These aide your understanding of the 'broader' issues making education not only fun but unaffordably educational.

Exams:

If you applied for a defence job but got rejected, then this is the option for you! Exams are a great way to learn about discipline and competition. Not



only do you learn something you never knew before: how to sit when someone orders you, there are also people to time you on how fast you can do the fol-

lowing:

1. Read the question, then read it again and then again;
2. Understand the question, make sure you understand it (always double check);
3. Start thinking;
4. Start writing;
5. Hope that you managed a pass.

Exams are an efficient way to process students through the education system. They save time because we don't, apparently, have much of it. What is the point if you forget everything afterwards?

PhD:

An option for only the 'brightest' of students and only those who can actually 'contribute' to the field. Most of these people probably had their parents paying their way through uni, never worked in their life and get great discounts (usually with the financial support of a scholarship) to go to conferences all over the world.

Scholarships:

Great news: anyone can apply, but only those with high marks are actually granted one.

Exchange programs:

Accessible but expensive. Another contradiction.

A break?

Great opportunities in the world are there: FOR SOME.

I work on my 'holidays'. In fact, I don't recall ever going on one.

Food on campus:

Variety is great to look at. It doesn't smell too great in the noses of those who can't afford to eat on campus though.

An education system should be:

1. affordable;
2. accessible;
3. about cooperation and learning NOT competition and greed;
4. fun NOT coercive and dehumanising.

The privileged — the people who have the money — are the ones who get to taste the great opportunities this equitable education system offers. They can afford the good marks, the scholarships, the PhD because they probably have never had to stand on aching legs working long hours to survive. They can afford to pay HECS upfront and get discounts for doing so. What about the rest of us? Education should be about educating people not making them athletes competing in a marathon. People should enjoy going to uni. Frankly, what we've got at the ANU is not my idea of a university should be.



## the difficult concept

ty lee

In school and university, there is only ever one thing we will encounter. That one thing is the difficult concept. Whether each of us has this encounter in the context of loneliness, of desperation and sleeplessness, or of triumph and ease, depends to a great extent on personal experience from early childhood. In mental struggle we may be silent or distracted, stressed or broody. We may think it is not a struggle at all.

Thoughts grow in patterns and create indelible habits. Every understanding builds upon another, and every misunderstanding upon another. These habits are formed early in childhood and are influenced by our early childhood experiences.

The culture of the work environment comes into play, particularly during adolescence. Even in a culture in which it is ingrained that anti-intellectualism is cool, there is often a surge to superiority in the eyes of authority, namely the teacher. By the time a student enters university, when the will to work is usually a matter of personal choice, there are fewer barriers towards success or failure.

In 'It Allows a Portrait in Line Scan at Fifteen', Australian poet Les Murray describes the alienating effect of a boy (presumably his own son) dealing with the implications of school life. The boy 'can read about soils, populations and New Zealand', but is alienated from the reality of his changing self. The boy is easily provoked and shows elements of autism as the result of an uncomfortable discovery of the sexual world. He realises, in a poignantly universal response: 'I gotta get smart! (looking terrified into the years) I gotta get smart!' This realisation is reinforced in all of us as we realise our self determination in terms of our future financial security and marriageability.

It has been said that some literary works consist of 'all brain and no balls', and if your essay-marker is 'with-it' you might elect to take the risk of pointing out truths in ways that are more identifiable to you, which pretence often cannot do:

'Anna Karenina was pissed-off with her first husband's Catholic approach and wanted to fuck some younger, more attractive army guy.'

If you feel such a statement expresses it all, then that is good enough for the moment. (In the given example, the moral is: sex is the only thing in life — which is true.) After all, if you are writing pretentiously, chances are you are inflating your ideas into an allotted number of words without any real sensibility.

The concept of time-off from work, then, is artificial since it is borne of a

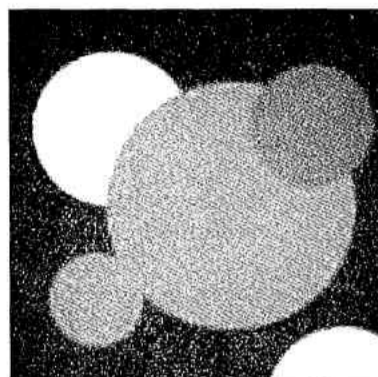
context of discontentment and fatigue. The person who has or develops a correct frame of mind, however, will just as easily absorb the contents of a lecture as he will settle into his bathtub at home with a couple of pages of *The Taming of the Shrew*,

not at all aware that his marks are ticking ever upward. Lectures will be a breeze, and he may take few written notes during them, whilst experiencing the airy feeling of knowing most of the material before everyone else. His mind whirls around seeking new information and picking

it up like a blob of fluff picks-up more fluff. At the very best he experiences a feeling of virility; usually it is a feeling of confidence.

As for the rest of us, which includes myself (someone guilty of falling from academic grace), it seems that some lectures, science in particular, are a fruitcake of ideas which are uncomfortably hard to swallow. The ideas seem suitable only for arbitrary memorisation rather than understanding, and my unspoken reply to the lecturer's asking, 'Do you have any questions?' is a simple: 'Yes. Many.' It is not often that I feel a question is limited and suitable for a large audience of peers. In such a dilemma I might resort to the simple but earnest question (in the random midst of a lecturer's dissertation): 'But why? WHY?' which is an indirect way of saying, 'I was concentrating but I don't get it. Please repeat yourself.' I have learnt that in such situations, I must learn to take much of what the lecturer says into my trust, and not be too cynical about every scanty point. And I am getting there, slowly.

There have always been some lecturers that I particularly like. Schooling convinces us that liking the teacher is unimportant, that the learning is everything; and ultimately that becomes the case. But for those who fathom the delight of friendship and familial inquisitiveness, it is as important to learning as anything. I know that if I ever have children, and they ask me questions like, 'what's the softest thing in the world?', I will pause and take the effort to answer them. I might just be helping them answer difficult concepts of their own.



Dear Reader,

We are appalled. Whilst we love receiving your fan-mail, hate-mail, comments, queries, rants, diatribes, missives and three volume novels in progress, we do demand a base level of literacy. Actually, most of us are well on our way to getting RSI and we can't type "(sic)" any more. We just can't do it. Our hands are tired. Our eyes are becoming non-functional. Nobody said editing *Woroni* would be this hard. "See the world", they said. "Gain your entry to the world of journalism", they said. "It'll be fun", they said. Ohhhhhh. Fun. Well the fun has ended. There has been no seeing of the world. The world has become the *Woroni* office. And whilst the floor has become more comfortable with time, we are all tending to miss the comforts of blankets and pillows. Therefore, we feel it necessary to warn you that the following letters reach you in their pure, unadulterated whole.

Cheers,

The Eds

PS. But we still love you all! (Except if you're a parking inspector).

## 2 kool 4 skool

I just wanna say that your all chumps. I cant believe my GSF money goes to fund u lot. U do nothing except waste my money. And all opinions are so lefty its not funny, how about restoring a little bit of non bias reporting for once. But seeing that you wont how about you just let me piss you off and all your lefty mates off to...

No one that actually cares reads your paper. your just preaching to the converted. And if anyone does read it, no one gives a shit. Im white, my parents are millionares, im a footy head, i think that refugess should be booted out and whats more IM PROUD! I work hard, i tolerate the gay community whilst not supporting it and we're the next generation coming thru, caring conservatives as all hell.

Whats more if my money goes to fund bullshit sections of the SA like tht sexuality department, why isnt there a non homosexual mens department? You say you believe in a fair go, but what about a fair go people who arent part of all your bullshit minority groups who just waste my money on parties drugs and raves?

Signed A regular Aussie Bloke

## in utero

Dear Leo/Woroni,

Your hipness makes me want to curl up in the fetal position and cry.

Dominik Krupinski

## not just a cunt, a deluded cunt

to raymond K. hessel,

your obviously a deluded cunt, but i have to commend you letter in the june 2002 *woroni*. i haven't laughed so openly whilst reading since Heller's catch-22. i look forward to your next installment as to why tertiary education is superfluous and how it is flawed. may i make a suggestion? why not focus in more depth on people who involve and ingratiate themselves in uni public and political life. one more fucking pamphlet thrust in my hands and i'll...

regards,

barry (4th year law student absolutely fucked off at the law faculty for being such a bunch of pretentious wankers. in particular, students who actually do the prescribed reading and have the audacity ask questions in class and waste my time. to them; "shut the fuck up, no one wants to know the answer but you. your wasting everyone's time and galvanizing support for bringing back capital punishment you abhorrent fuckers". to lecturers in the law faculty; where to start? get off your fucking intellectual high horse. teach what needs to be taught for the course. additionally, enough already with the draconian and impossible word limits; if your so obscenely concerned with word counts, you manually count the wrds on my essays, because i'm not going to waste another day do it for you. i spend more time cutting words out than writing the fucking essay you idiots. and lecturers, if you genuinely think that students can read 10-20 cases! each week for each of their four subjects then your a moron).

## battle of the geeks

Whereas your ernergy for the review of Battle of the Clones is fine, and it was great, Jango Fett is not Boba Fett's brother.

Boba Fett is the clone of Jango Fett - the one theat they didn't tamper with, who he brought up as his son.

You may need to watch this one again, you goose, to recognise that the little boy lifting the helmet up in the 'big battle scene with lots of Jedi-as-Galadiator' grows up later to become Han Solo's nemesis.

Fuck, where were you when they hadn't out the free tickets.

Cheers

Cruel Angels... Misappropriation !

## asuka misrepresented

Dear Woroni,

To whom it may concern:

So, you thought you'd be clever, thought she'd be a good cover girl for your little get-together. "It's hip, it's out there. After all Japanese decor and sushi consumption is so à la mode, bien sûr. It may just get us the crowds we need..."

For those of you of don't know, I'm referring to a poster about a Pro-Choice Rally that was stuck up around campus a while ago (and is still around in patches) which featured a Japanese animated TV series character by the name of Asuka Langley Souryu.

As a fan who savoured every moment of "Neon Genesis : Evangelion" I was disturbed that you should weild her image so. I have no problem with anime being used in propaganda, even if it be for a pro-choice rally. Why, it's more than likely that it's propaganda anyway, but at least keep whatever you're spinning faithful to the series! No where to my knowledge, in the series, movie or the manga, does Miss Souryu expressly or otherwise, support or mention abortion. No one mentions it. It's a non-issue, what has NGE got to do with abortion? Nothing !

Asuka is a 14 yr. old girl who I sure as hell hope hasn't gotten pregnant either to the likes of Shinji 'toothpicks' Ikari (a 14 yr. old messed up introvert), or for that matter the lovable rogue Kaji Rouji, (a man more than twice her age) ! She looks after herself, she is probably the last person in NGE to get pregnant recklessly, or to have sex for that matter. She likes a flirt sure, but she's autonomous, determined and intelligent, hell, she's no Suzy homemaker Hikaru ! I really think abortion is the last thing on her mind, especially when she pilots a volatile Evangelion of immense power (a huge bio-mechanoid organism [no time to explain gentle readers; now it's personal]) to protect the remnants of mankind or when she and Shinji are... (won't say anymore for those who haven't seen "End of Evangelion"). As Johnny Cockran said in his celebrated Chewbacca dictum, "that does not make sense !".

Understandably Hideaki Anno, the director, has been cryptic as to what NGE is about, slipping a few words about sexuality now and then. He hardly even considers the influx of religious symbolism, stories and overtones as anything major. So I seriously doubt abortion is on the agenda. The Human Instrumentality Project [or Human Complementation Plan, take your pick] may be a bit incomprehensible at times yes, but it is certainly not to do with abortion. Finally, if you had actually been paying attention to anything in NGE you may have noticed Asuka saying "I never want to have kids..." Sadly, for you, this comes as no defence since Asuka is referring to her menstruation cycle which has consequently lowered her synch ratio. It was a throwaway line, nothing more.

What pisses me off even more is the multitude of other NGE pics you could have used (but still misappropriated) which would have been marginally better ! How about the dismembered bodies of the Rei Ayanami clones in the 'Rei-quarium', why not have a shot of Gendo Ikari reaching into Ayanami's body (EOE), on a more symbolic note - Unit 01 crushing Unit 03's entry plug or if you're really desperate, the embryo of Adam (granted it is fact an Angel). Oh I forgot, all these images wouldn't assist the cause of Pro-choice at all, they

would implicitly discourage it.

Shit, if you're going to be stupid about use Pen-Pen, the warm water penguin ! How lazy of you ! You butcher ! Get it right next time, or here is a better idea, don't fucking do it again ! I have suspicions that whoever made this poster is also a member of the ANU anime society and I don't want to hazard a guess as to who may be. Imagine what Asuka would say - "are you terminally dense or what !"

J Kil

(just concerned)

## utter crap

Dear Woroni,

I'm a long-time reader, first-time writer. I'm not sure what's prompted me to do this, since you next publish after semester break, and no one will be able to remember back past their post-exam orgy of drunkenness, let alone what appeared in issue 5, but what the hell.

Why in God's name did you choose, as your lead article, two pages of drivel on actress Deb Mailman? Not that I have anything against Deb. She usually raises whatever's she's been in from a classification of "utter crap" to "barely tolerable" - except that misconceived debacle of a Bell Shakespeare Co "King Lear" a couple of years back.

What I found disturbing was the pathetic, sycophantic, amateurish style of the piece. I don't know who Jenny Fisher is, but starting off the article by explaining how she forgot to even take Mailman's call in the first place doesn't exactly inspire confidence in her competence as a interviewer. Then, to describe Mailman as "bright and cheery and more than willing to talk to a small, unimportant English Honours student", and how Deb "turned me into a nervous wreck", almost made me puke with vicarious embarrassment. The clash of self-hate, unconditional celebrity worship and sly 'degree-pride' makes one sorely question Woroni's employment testing. It's also enough to make one weep for the English Honours program.

Editors - if you were that desperate for page-fillers, why didn't you bury this at the back, next to those unreadably-boring SA reports? Then readers would have at least known what they were getting themselves into.

After this rant, I guess it's because of the otherwise high quality of *Woroni* this year that Fisher's article stood out. I generally haven't enjoyed reading the student rag this much since those crazy bastards in '98 and '99. Now, if you guys would only get yourselves arrested or something...

Cheers,

Paul Dunne



## putting the 'i' in education

Dear Editors

I am disappointed at the number of inaccuracies in Ali Jenkins' article 'Letter 'i' Loser at Student AGM' (*Woroni*, Issue 5, Volume 54).

Ms Jenkins' article stated that the floor was hostile towards the General Secretary at the Annual General Meeting. However, Ms Jenkins failed to note that a motion of no confidence in the Chair (the General Secretary) was voted down by a clear majority of the Meeting. Clearly, the floor, in a majority, was supportive of the General Secretary and believed that his rulings were correct and constitutional.

The article proceeded to quote \$32,500 as the amount spent on the Students' Association audit this year. This figure is incorrect. The amount quoted covers a range of accounting and financial needs of the Students' Association. Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu were retained by the Students' Association to not only audit the 2001 finances, but to also revamp the central accounting system. This means setting up new templates, computer software and training to ensure that the financial records of the Students' Association meet the requirements of standard accounting practices. Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu were also asked to ensure greater accountability of the clubs and societies and consider the accounting practices of the departments and sub-departments. This work began in March and will continue to proceed for the remainder of the year. Ms Jenkins also fails to note that the GSF allowance to the Students' Association this year was increased to meet the cost of upgrading our accounting procedures.

However, Ms Jenkins correctly states that ticket names this year will not be allowed to include the letter 'i'. Readers will note that the word 'Education' has the letter 'i' in it and it is a sad day when the Students' Association cannot associate itself with education.

Joanne Yin  
President

ANU Students' Association

## cars threat to society

ms hopgood has certainly hit the nail on the head when it comes to parking. cars are indeed a nasty, nasty habit, right up there with heroin, nose picking and morpheine. i suggest that we follow ms hopgood's (who, undoubtedly, has never driven a car, let alone parked one) shining example and attempt to rehabilitate admitted car users back into car-free society. perhaps a car buy back scheme is in order. ride-on lawnmowers could be used as 'car methadone,' and a pamphlets advising parents on how to talk about the deadly ills of cars to their children, or how to deal when their kids have been taking illicit rides around the block.

oh, what a wondrous future we could have! imagine the joys of everyone waking up at the darkest, bleakest, most bitterly cold hour of the morning, waiting for hours on end at a delightfully urine-soaked bus shelter, then getting to sit next to an odifourous man named beryl who spends his time giggling in the face of sanity. we could arrive at lectures with snow on our shoulders, having trekked from bus stops which appear to be located in the more obscure parts of north cooma.

then, of course, we'd have to find alternative modes of transport. Bicycles are boring. how 'bout pogo sticks? it'd be a far merrier campus if everyone was bouncing everywhere. maybe giant hamster balls, like the ones they had on 'gladiator.' here's an idea. we could harness the wit and energy of student political groups. "onward, student socialist workers! mush!"

ms hopgood is to be commended for her environmental zeal and commitment, but get real. the parking here is both inadequate and necessary. and we can praise d.o.u.g (deity of unspecified gender) that we don't have to park at the uni of canberra.

rachael kendrick

## under the bridge

Dear Woroni,

I wish to express my absolute delight about your recent exposé of the Bridge lounge. As a regular 'cruiser' on the lounge I'll hesitate a brag that I'm what you'd call a member of that elite and privileged club. Normally, however, it is with sadness that I consider other people on campus don't know about this groovy hang-out. Not only did you illuminate the facility for other students (and potential friends), but you also shed a new light on the place that I spend hours at with my fellow troubadours every day.

The problem with most students is they couldn't possibly comprehend the depth of conversations I regularly have on the Bridge with my 'troubies'. One particular incident springs to mind: we held a particularly animated (7-hour) discussion entitled "the expansion of the Borg Empire — does it have limits?" (which of course is rhetorical, because it couldn't possibly be infinite). Our conclusion that the Borg are ultimately dependent on the availability of resources and other life forms (hence their eventual demise) drew fits of laughter and a natural high. This is the sort of thing drugs could never rival — in fact I think I nearly overdosed (which teleported me into an even sillier state of idiotic laughter). But I digress.

I might suggest, if I may, that we're all going to be six-foot under one day, so why not have a disco on the bridge during O-Week. Bush Week's normally too cold (I could pull a hamstring) and too close to end of year exams. My mate Trevor thinks we could even have an eighties horror film night, you know, like a Friday 13th and Halloween movie marathon (unlimited coca cola on entry). If you think that's a hip idea I'd like to plagiarise a toast: 'girl we're gonna party

like it's 1999'.

Other students are also really nice on the Bridge - I remember with fondness the time I lost my kangaroo-scrutum dice pouch. Three days later, and completely out of the blue, this gorgeous babe with thick-rimmed glasses and a husky voice returned them to me. Not only that, she signed me up for the Slayer Society for only two dollars (they've got a free end of year party for members). No, we're not lepers, although just between you and me, I think some of my friends actually are.

Take care and remember, there can be no beauty without decay!

## ok guys, is this some kind of stupid joke?

Dear Woroni,

The possibility of winning a fine cask of goon was too much for me to ignore, so i just thought i'd take the opportunity to congratulate all of you on a bloody fantastic publication. i have read many a student paper in my time of attending universities, and yours is well and truly the best. I have noticed that often uni papers are really just an excuse for a team of bleeding heart wankers to air their political views and invite the student population to pro-marijuana rallies in obscure locations. Which is fine, but isn't there so much more going on in the world?

Woroni recognises this, and with its covering of an eclectic range of topics, intelligent and well-researched stories, fascinating interviews, hilarious banter, and general top-stuffness it's an excellent read. I'd like to take this moment to recognise the effort the Woroni kids put into this paper, using their spare time to come up with something we can all enjoy. Sure, it's their choice, but it's for our benefit and i think that deserves some sort of thanks. All of you people who write in and complain, while you add interest to my reading, why don't you try writing an actual article or opinion piece instead of just whingeing?

For that is the beauty of Woroni, it is open to difference, and we are welcome to contribute and share in a part of what makes this uni great (or complain when the uni sucks). In fact, while i'm in this poetic mood, i think a short ditty about the awesomeness that is Woroni would be appropriate:

From issues of the world, to Oz and our local scene,

Woroni is there, and so much does it mean.

With fashion tips, careers advice and CD reviews,

To the latest in movies, T.V and news.

The brilliance of well-researched interviews with Miranda,

And thought-provoking stories from the pen of Amber.

Mat's Strine keeps us laughing, and Leo may wank,

but for half my CD's i have him to thank.

I love reading the array on the opinion page an',

Who could forget Andre's rockin' 'Dear Bogan'.

There's some that i've mentioned and lots more i've missed,

But i hope you appreciate the arses i've kissed.

I love you guys, keep up the great work (much better than this here letter and shithouse poem). Thank you!!!

Nicola Hilderson

P.S: Bring on more 'Apathy Man' comics!!

## wicked witch

Dear Woroni,

Over the last few months I have been amused to see that Jessica "Dorothy Clogs" Stanley, "Munchkin" Jenkins and their favourite flying monkey, "Anonymous", have formed a nasty little coterie, to scribble letters about Mathew Kenneally and Nadia Docrat, their personal enemies. Now Jess, the third greatest thinker in the ANU Left Labor Club, has trained her formidable ideological ballista on me (*Letters*, Issue #5, 2002):

From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,

Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

Jess found my review of *Brazil, the Greatest Hits Ever* "rather offensive" because (surprise, surprise) it teased Brazilians. Jess would know about offensiveness. Like most bourgeois radicals, she pictures herself as a defender of the oppressed, a tribune or prefect, whose (frankly mediocre) attainments as an "anti-capitalist" intellectual somehow make her better than the other children. Brazil weeps, she comforts. In her world, Jess alone has "a real grasp of politics and current affairs". Too stupid to understand satire, she demands that everyone else adopt her Grammarite brand of moral declamation: "Let's try not to be so needlessly offensive next issue shall we?" But that's my job dear.

Fuck off and die,

Mark Thomson

The winner of this issue's letter of the month is "in utero" by Dominik Krupinski. Congratulations Dom, you have won a cask of fruity lexia, a valuable addition to any wine cellar. Next issue's prize is a copy of *Forceable Entry*, a compilation of all new WWF "superstar themes that rock" from the likes of Limp Bizkit and Kid Rock. We're all about culture here at Woroni, and if you want to join the discourse, crack open a cask of goon and send us an epistle.

woroni\_articles@

# anu union pay fiasco



a pay dispute at the anu union has opened the lid on the politics and personalities of the union board. **mathew kenneally** investigates how the union treats its workers.

A dispute has emerged regarding the ANU Union's pay structure. The controversy has emerged on the Union board, which is the elected body of student representatives that oversees the management of the University Union. In August last year the then Deputy Chair of the Board, Daniel Casey, investigated the possibility of increasing the payment to union staff. Mr Casey investigated this claim in re-

to its own constituents."

Chair of Union Board, Mr Llewellyn Reynders initially denied the existence of a two-tiered wage structure when speaking to *Woroni*. Mr Reynders later admitted that management had consulted him before they made the decision to restrict the pay rise and that, "[he believed] it was within management's power to interpret the motion narrowly." A source of con-

Union Board member, Ms Erika Belmar refuted Mr Reynders' claim that the pay rise could be interpreted narrowly stating that he had "directly contravened the previous Board's directions of management." The pay rise document which management interpreted narrowly clearly stated that the intention was "to ensure that the remuneration for all employees kept up with CPI." Ms Belmar stated that "the placement

**"It is completely inappropriate for Mr Reynders, who earns \$12,000 a year as Chair, to allow management to deny employees fair remuneration in order to balance the books"**

sponse to the disproportionate wage rise being granted to the General Manager (5.8 per cent), compared to the 2 per cent being granted to the employees. Mr Casey's proposal to grant employees an over-award payment was approved by the Board in August.

According to four Board members it was revealed at the last Board meeting that General Manager Rod Thomas had interpreted Mr Casey's pay rise as only applying to individuals working for the Union at the time the motion was passed. Therefore, as Daniel Casey stated, "employees who joined the Union after August were on a completely different pay structure than other employees. This classification was designed without reference to skill level, experience, or even length of service. It was merely instituted to reduce management's costs as the expense of employee's rights." The Board members discussed the prospect of repaying the employees the wages they would have received had they been granted the pay rise. This would involve the payment of \$3000 to thirty-seven employees.

ANUSA President Joanne Yin said in reference to the wage dispute, "If these allegations are true and students are suffering, I would be very concerned that a student body could do this

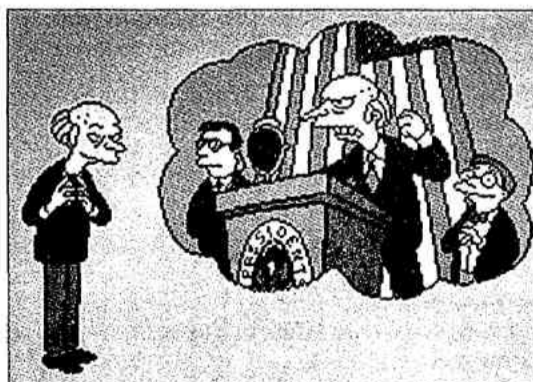
trovsky is that Mr Reynders failed to inform the Union board of the General Manager's decision to restrict the pay rise. Mr Reynders stated that "It was not necessary to inform the Board of such matters", and that "Management only consulted with me as a matter of course." Mr Reynders' argument was essentially that the Board and management per-

of restrictions on the pay rise undermined this intention." There were also concerns about the fact that the board was not notified of management's decision. Ms Belmar stated that, "the senior management and Union Chair Llewellyn Reynders have misled the Board and undermined student democracy by failing to implement a pay rise approved by the democratically elected Board."

Mr Reynders defended management's decision claiming that Daniel Casey's decision to get involved in setting employee's rates of pay was a political move. Mr Reynders added that "this was the first time I know of that the Board has involved itself in setting rates of pay." Mr Reynders stated that, "when the Board increases pay without consultation it creates problems for management." He stated that the provision of a pay rise had impeded the Board's ability "...to do stuff with the Union." Thus, Mr Reynder's defended management's decision to introduce the pay rise on a length of service basis in order to minimise costs. He stated that "now that we know the

cost of paying these employees the back wages I will be in favour of repaying the employees who were placed on the lower pay rate".

However, Mr Reynder's claims have been refuted. Mr Casey stated that as Deputy Chair he worked closely with Rod Thomas on all issues



(Above) In its work the ANU Union keeps the interests of its workers and students foremost in mind.

form separate functions. The implementation of pay increases was considered by Mr Reynders to be management's job.

Members of the Board have been outraged by management's decision to restrict the pay rise and Mr Reynders' complicity in the process.

of management, and "consulted him with regards to the cost of the proposed pay raise". Miss Belmar responded to Mr Reynders claims that the Board's involvement in setting pay rates was inappropriate by stating that, "the Board can set the rate of the General Manager, why shouldn't they be involved in setting pay rates for other employees? Particularly, when many of these employees are the students the Board is supposed to represent".

Miss Belmar responded to Mr Reynders' claim that wages need to be restrained stating that, "It is completely inappropriate for Mr Reynders, who earns \$12,000 a year as Chair, to allow management to deny employees fair remuneration in order to balance the books."

The Canberra branch of the Australian Liquor, Hospitality, and Miscellaneous Worker's Union (LHMU) spoke to *Woroni* about the pay system and the broader issue of the Union's treatment of employees. Secretary of the LHMU Gil Anderson told *Woroni* that the nar-



(Above) The ANU Union board consists of all manner of aspiring politicians and managers.

nic day (a public holiday) from 1997-1999. The LHMU and board members expressed concern about management's attitude towards its employees. Mr Casey, in particular noted that in his time on the Board he had, "made considerable attempts to ensure the fair treatment of employees." The General Manager refused to talk to *Woroni* about the two-tiered pay structure or other employment issues.

*Woroni* has also spoken to ex-staff members of the Union. One ex-staff member described the Union as a "horrible place to work" and added that, "the management are extremely harsh to student employees." One staff member alleged that security cameras had been used to monitor her while she worked. Gil Anderson stated that if the allegations were correct this conduct is also unacceptable.

Ms Belmar noted that a larger issue is Mr Reynders' conduct as Chair of the Board and as a member of Roslyn Dundas' staff at the Legislative Assembly. Ms Dundas, an ex-student politician, has been holding herself out as a youth representative. Ms Belmar stated that, "as a member of Roslyn Dundas' staff it seems inappropriate and hypocritical for Mr Reynders to be involved in recklessly denying young employees at the Student Union their entitlements in order to serve his own interests." She noted

that even if Mr Reynders had allowed management to institute a two-tiered wage structure only by accident, this was because "he was more interested in serving the interests of his political bosses than actually representing students and ensuring that the Union engages in good industrial relations." Mr Anderson of the LHMU also stated that it was not a good image for Ms Dundas, for a member of her staff to be denying low paid workers fair remuneration.

It should be noted that Mr Reynders refuted the contention that there was any evidence that a high majority of staff at the Union were students, and that any students were involved in this

pay structure issue.

The issue of payment should be resolved at the next Board meeting. *Woroni's* sources indicate that all members of the board and Mr Reynders intend to repay \$3000 in total to ensure that employees receive fair remuneration. Furthermore, due to the new award wage rise the two-tiered wage system should be abolished within the next month.



(Above) Roslyn Dundas MLA, during her student days prior to election to high political office.

row interpretation of the pay rise by Rod Thomas was, "very inappropriate behaviour by the general manager." Mr Anderson added that the creation of a two-tiered wage structure is "bad industrial relations" because it leads to a situation where people of equal skill and experience are performing the same jobs for different pay. Mr Anderson added that "a high proportion of the employees at the Union were students." He stated that the LHMU would be "organising to ensure that the employees receive their remuneration."

Mr Anderson's comments indicated that the current dispute is a part of a larger problem, and expressed concern for management's attitude towards its employees. Mr Anderson stated that "Rod Thomas has consistently opposed any proposals that involve giving money or rewards to employees" and that a majority of employees "are frightened of management" because of behaviour such as this. This pattern of behaviour is evident within the minutes of the Union board. *Woroni* discovered that over a period of the last five years, Mr Thomas has been provided with consistent pay increases, while there has rarely been any moves to provide over-award payments to employees. Moreover, Mr Thomas has still refused to pay overtime costs to employees who worked on Union Pic-

*Sullivans*

cucina de pasta

organic

(Above) Some of your favourite flavours.

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Ged Stenhouse  
Peter McPhillips  
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# terror from below



Candilo

in 1997 an international treaty was concluded to ban landmines. despite being in force since 1999 the treaty has been but one small step in the battle to universalise the ban on the use of this pernicious weapon. **loren persi** examines the issues.

Occasionally someone asked me why are landmines relevant to Australians when we don't have a problem here? Since I discovered the existence of the landmine ban treaty myself, I've had a revelation about how knowledgeable many Australians are concerning the global landmines problem. Many people travel through landmine blighted countries, such as, Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. Others know someone who has worked in a mine-affected country. Recently, movies such as 'A Time for Drunken Horses', 'Kandahar' and 'No Man's Land' have kept landmines in the public spotlight. The landmine problems in Cambodia and Afghanistan are generally well known from news reporting.

Over two thirds of the world's states have signed or ratified the Mine Ban Treaty - also known as the Ottawa Convention - which prohibits the use, production and transfer of antipersonnel landmines. The treaty was the fastest piece of international law to come into existence. The driving force behind it was a collaboration of non-government organisations backed by Canada.

The story of the Mine Ban Treaty is a lesson in how to make international law without getting vetoed. The movement's success is linked to its dogmatic ability to keep the issue specific. 'Antipersonnel landmines have to go' was the only angle pushed by lobbyists. The reasoning was forged in the real experiences of many agencies in the field. The International Red Cross - Red Crescent, for example, knew well that more civilians than military personnel had been the victims of landmines in some countries. Antipersonnel landmines come in two basic types. Blast mines are designed to cause an explosion resulting in the traumatic amputation of limbs. Fragmentation mines shower the victim with shrapnel. Both are usually designed to wound rather than kill. Mass destruction in slow motion was the phrase that arose to describe the global effect of landmines.

The anti-landmines campaign brought to-

gether a range of different interest groups. The effects of mines has long horrified medical personnel. They were able to research the effects and show how unnecessary the suffering caused by mines is.

As interest groups organised, more countries moved to join a ban. To keep the major pow-

erful nations from believing that anti personnel landmines were a legitimate weapon. As recently as 1995 Australia, which now has a ministerial appointed Special Representative on Mine Action, thought it would be too difficult and impractical to operate an army without mines. Australia has now destroyed the bulk of its antipersonnel mine stockpiles and keeps mines only for training. The government funds landmine awareness and landmine action overseas and actively encourages other countries to sign, particularly in our region.

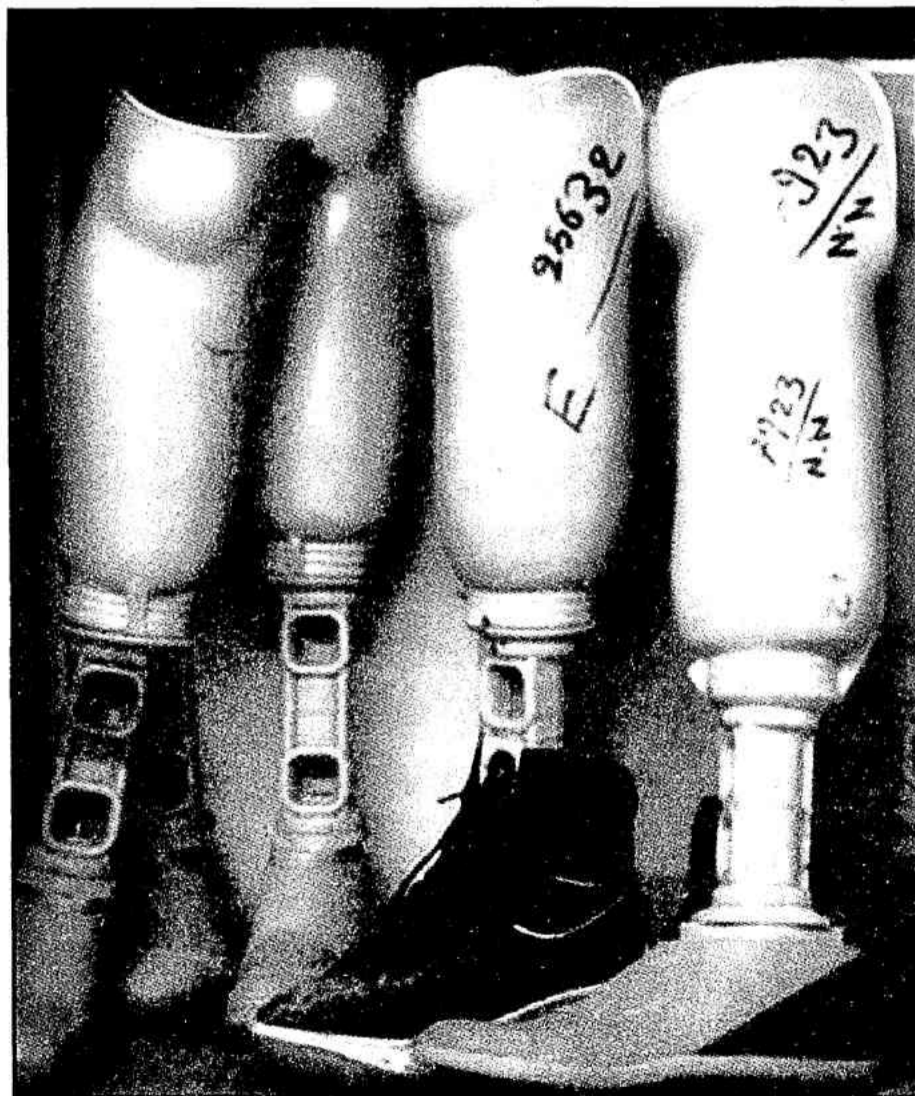
## All good so far, what's the problem?

Despite a significant drop in the rate of mine incidents, over 70 countries are mine affected and mines are still being laid or waiting to be sown. Many nations are responsible for massive landmine/unexploded bomb problems going back to the bad old days of protracted cold war conflicts.

The US left a lasting legacy of mines and unexploded ordnance throughout Indochina, leaving Laos with the unenviable distinction of being the most bombed country in the world because of its immediate proximity to the Ho Chi Min trail. Lao's biggest problems are unexploded bombs rather than mines. Cluster bomblets known locally as 'bomies' lie in fields waiting to destroy anything that crosses them. Some bomblets are actually air delivered mines. Clusters leave minefields of unexploded weapons because of their extraordinarily high failure rate. Although they do not come under the category of landmines in international law,

cluster bombs are universally condemned for the same basic reasons as mines. They kill and wound indiscriminately and wait to destroy indefinitely.

Just as thirty-year-old cluster bomblets are potential killers, so are US antipersonnel landmines. A local industry in mined areas of



ers (also the major mine stockpilers), which remained opposed to the Mine Ban Treaty from vetoing the treaty, the organisers only invited non-signatories to watch and learn at conventions, not to actively participate. This meant that the US and Russia though opposed to a mine ban could not block the treaty's progress. Before 1997 a lot of governments still believed

Vietnam has developed involving digging up US antipersonnel landmines and selling them on to independence armies in Burma.

Two thirds of all states have signed the treaty, but the majority of current users are military forces not internationally recognised by states. Non-state groups such as nationalist independence movements and revolutionary armed forces have an opportunity to get on the boat. However, the issue is a fraught one. Governments are cautious of letting rebel groups gain legitimacy through participation in an international treaty.

A list of recent mine users is dominated by non-government forces. These include UNITA in Angola, Maoists in Nepal, groups in Kosovo, Senegalese rebel forces, Ugandan Rebel forces, more rebel groups in Georgia/ Abkhazia and three separate rebel contingents in the Philippines.

Some non-state groups have already signed to comply with the principles of the treaty. In the end, it is the practice of the spirit of the ban that ensures mines are eradicated. Grey areas of ambiguity and loopholes can be found and stretched by signed state parties. So compliance by non-state actors is a huge step forward.

Awareness education programs in cluster bomb and mine affected areas is vital. But this is really a case where prevention is the only effective cure. Let's face it, to a child, anything that is brightly coloured and aerodynamic is going to look like it was delivered by Santa Claus not a B52.

**...to a child, anything that is brightly coloured and aerodynamic is going to look like it was delivered by Santa Claus not a B52.**

Afghanistan is a clear example of the horrible mess that mines and clusters make together. The Soviets used about a dozen types of mine. One of the most alarming is the "butterfly" a minimal metal content mine that blends in well to vegetation. Its winged shape, hence the name, and handy size have a kiddy-interest factor that is only outmatched by the bright yellow cluster bomblets that the US have been scattering recently.



A central part of the anti-mines argument is the unacceptable rates of civilian anti-personnel mine casualties. The US army has developed 'smart' mines that deactivate or self-destruct not long after they are laid. These mines fulfil the demands of Geneva conventions on conventional weapons. Mines must be detectable and not indefinitely active. It seems to

me that the impact of mines on military personnel is underplayed by the conventions.

A favourite of The States in the gulf war was a cluster bomb that creates an instant minefield. Known as the 'Gator' system it delivers a mix of anti tank mines and antipersonnel mines over the area of a few football fields or so, depending on the altitude of the drop. A difficulty with all clusters generally is that the area of bombing, known as the 'footprint', is highly variable depending on wind, altitude, speed and so on.

Even if the deploying army wants to help with clearance, they probably won't know where to start.

Antipersonnel mines are built to wound, hamper a military advance. One casualty can occupy several other soldiers. However, tactically speaking, no significant victory or battle has been or will be won thanks to mines. When the war is over, maimed veterans are civilians again. Their difficulties in readjusting and the cost to the entire society will be the same as for wounded non-combatants.

This goes against the principles behind the Geneva Conventions, if not the technical definitions. There must be limits to wars and the suffering that they create.

Take the story of Tun Channareth for example. Tun Channareth is a Nobel Peace Prize winning ambassador for the International Campaign to Ban Landmines. He was a soldier in Cambodia when he lost both his legs by traumatic amputation in a mine blast. In order to get to treatment

he had to lighten the load for his friend to carry him. In the countryside, and without anaesthetic, he managed this by cutting off more from one of his legs. Tun has gained international recognition as a result of his tireless campaigning for global ratification of the treaty. He has also worked in Cambodia designing and




(Above) Cluster Bomblet

building wheelchairs to suit the individual needs of amputees. Mine clearance

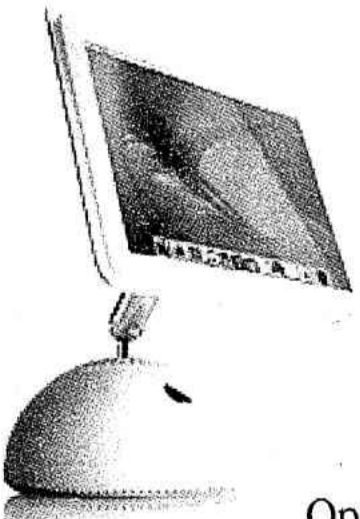
is going to carry on for decades all over the world. One of the largest clearance

organisations, the HALO Trust recently celebrated their one-millionth clearance. Even here in Canberra we have a clearance group called Milsearch. Clearance is needed before infrastructure can be built; mine and unexploded ordinance contamination are ongoing impediments to regional development.


Mines are difficult and laborious to find. Floods and shifting sands move mines around, even

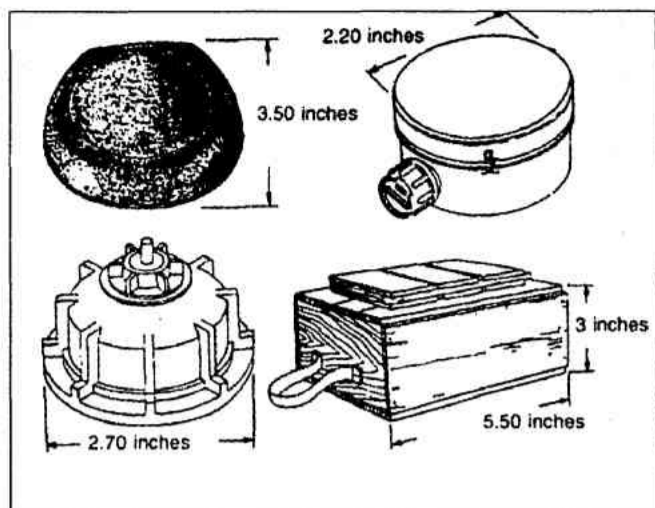


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(Above) Pressure fused mines.

marked fields can be deceptive. Metal detectors are often used for finding landmines. Some groups use dogs. It costs about \$60,000 to train a puppy to become a mine hunter. Organisations like AUSTCARE have to raise enormous funds to clear safe paths for returning refugees. Sniffer dogs need regular rests to stay efficient.

Research into mine detection and disposal methods is relentless. Richard Branson of 'Virgin' brand name fame is currently working on a project to build a mine-detecting plane, using the technology that makes speed cameras work. Bees are another secret weapon in the mine detection pipeline. The humble honey bee is in fact a chemical fiend, able to sense traces of explosive in the air above a mine or bomb. Bees have already been used successfully in a similar capacity, to find misplaced toxic chemical weapons waste dumps. Lucky bees know what they are looking for.

Part of the problem is that life must go on, even in mine-affected places. Many of the accident statistics put 'tampering' as the category into which most victims fall. While technically correct, the term does not give a realistic picture of why people would be interfering with mines and bombs. In many cases it may be through necessity. It is unreasonable to expect that people will not interact with

**Two thirds of all states have signed the treaty, but the majority of current users are military forces not internationally recognised by states.**

mines when they are part of their daily environment

In Laos tampering could mean recycling or home de-mining. In one case a farmer had been clearing clusters he found in his fields and putting them on an ant's nest behind the house. He hoped that the disposal team would simultaneously get rid of the ant's nest and bomblets. Since the cease-fire in Sri Lanka de-miners have been using hand trowels and home made detectors in the absence of proper equipment.

Some times the situation is so bad that almost nothing works. This has been the case in Afghanistan at Bagrum Airport. The area is strewn with metal fragments, to the extent that one team gave up on their detectors after the first day. The odour of explosive is overpowering and ever present. Even the dogs can't smell through it. As far as certain members of the current government are concerned, just like the Cambodians and Kosovars before them, Afghan refugees can tap their ruby slippers together and return to no place like home.

excessive and unnecessary injury. They are activated indiscriminately. But in ethnic cleansing their use can be selected; laid to keep people from moving back to an area - their home.



(Above) Tun Channareth, International Campaign to Ban Landmines Ambassador.

Landmines are war crimes waiting to happen. As a weapon they are designed to cause

This is ethnic cleansing, hidden, and long lasting. Mines in homes, farms and orchards still maim and kill in former Yugoslavia and Afghanistan. Intentional or not, the effect is a protracted war on civilian populations after the military cease-fire.

**Back to the Ban**

The largest stockpiles of antipersonnel landmines are China, Russia and the US. The US has millions of landmines ready to deploy in South Korea or wherever. Russia continues to use landmines in Chechnya and in bordering states.

How relevant are US concerns that it needs to hang onto its mines? The evidence from its own most recent wars in Iraq and Afghanistan have shown how ineffective mines are as a military barrier. Iraq had a 'wall of steel' border minefield and Afghanistan is mined to the

brim. Neither mining effort prevented invasion.

On the other hand mines have been no ally to US soldiers. More than 100,000 US soldiers have been the casualties of mines since 1942. Landmines caused one third of US casualties in Vietnam and the Gulf war. The Vietnam Veterans Foundation of America strongly supports calls for universal ratification of the Mine ban treaty. It is one of the founding groups in the campaign against landmines.

The Clinton administration had planned to sign the Ban Treaty by the year 2006. When the US Defense Department recommended that the Bush administration not sign the treaty in the wake of the 'War on Terror' one hundred and twenty four members of the House of Representatives wrote to the president urging him to sign the treaty. In 1997 a mobile mines lobbying team called 'The Ban Bus' - including a de-miner, a landmine photographer and a Vietnam veteran, toured the states. The message of the crew was well received. People expressed disbelief that the government was reluctant to sign.

US refusal to sign sends the wrong message to a changing world. While globally speaking against terrorism, it can have little voice about the situation as India and Pakistan mine their borders, creating another deadly legacy in Kashmir. Unsigned mine contaminated States, such as Vietnam, may hold out on the treaty while America does. This in effect deprives them of mine action funding. Money for clearance is more readily available to ban signatories.

Production transfer and use of antipersonnel mines must end. Mines in the ground need to be cleared with proper equipment and funding. It's time for all to sign the treaty and get on with the work of rebuilding. Countries that deliver indiscriminate killers must assist in the clear up in every way possible.



# i wanna be a supermodel

do male models have more to offer? woroni's self appointed style gurus marla the tumour and reinhold hip assess the talent on parade...

A male model competition is an anomaly in Canberra. This is a city whose tourist dollar is based upon a car race and a car show — and what would either of these be without the ubiquitous female model competition. This is an event which seems to be strictly within the female domain, however, men are increasingly eager to compete in similar competitions which are currently being held around the country. We're all familiar with the cliched Miss Summernats, but this begs the question, who is your average male model?

The rationales given by contestants for entry varied from the third-party influence ("My girlfriend entered me...and my mother talked me into it") to the professional ("I got asked to by the agency I'm signed up to") to the laid back ("I thought that it sounded like fun, so why not"). By the time we showed up, there were already several



bright young things carrying paraphernalia and chatting to friends and competitors. There was the croupier, the student, the bodybuilder, the bouncer, the retail assistant, the franchise owner and the bar man. Only one guy was signed up to an agency — and they later admitted that he was pretty new to the whole scene. The atmosphere was one of "let's try this out for fun". Despite this sense of frivolity, however, preparations for the interviews had been fraught with requests for assurance that this was not to be an article based upon the art of mockery. Furthermore, it was suggested that we conduct all interviews prior to judging as we would have a better interactions with the contestants whilst their egos were undamaged by the rigors of wins and losses. During the competition itself audience members agreed that ego was a significant aspect of a male — as opposed to female — model competition, commenting that "it's definitely an ego boost for them to get up on a stage in front of a whole lot of people". While this experience was clearly all about having fun, it was unavoidable that there was perhaps a little more involved in the experience.

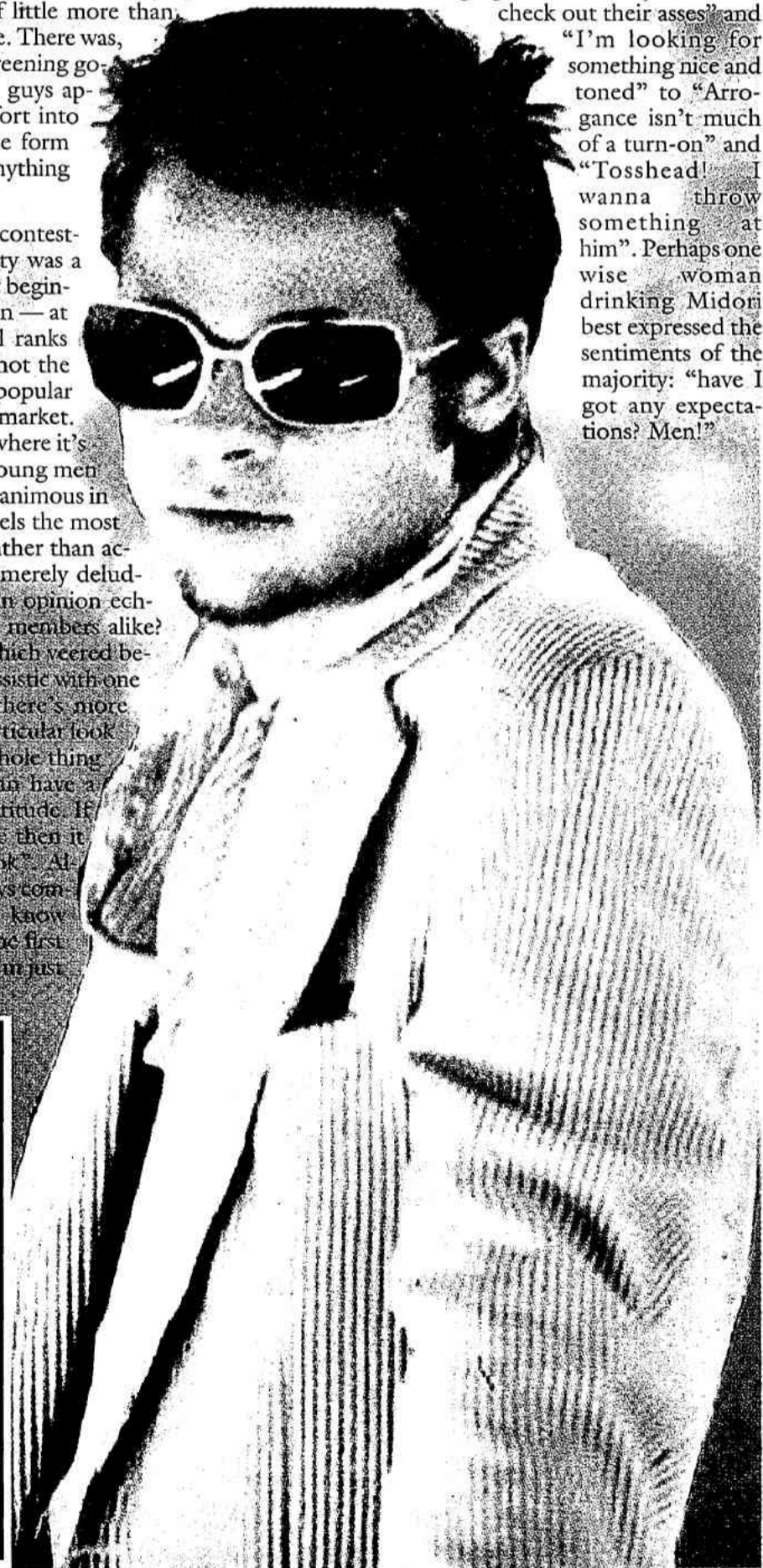
With all this talk of ego the question becomes unavoidable: what is the role of the male model? To be hot? To be pretty? To be an example of masculinity? What? One would think that the process involved in reaching these dizzying heights would be involved and complex — but this was not necessarily obvious. Where the standard chick-model competition might require hours of preparation, there was little of that on display here. Pre-show attire consisted of anything from lurid street-wear to more funky, striped, shirts while one contestant's preparation appeared to consist of little more than liberally applied spray-cologne. There was, however, little primping or preening going on. In fact, most of the guys appeared to have put more effort into acquiring sponsorship (in the form of the evening's attire) than anything else. But each to his own.

Whether or not any of the contestants were, in fact, at all pretty was a point of debate from the very beginning, however, public opinion — at least from within the model ranks — dictated that looks were not the be and end all. Contrary to popular belief, it was not just a meat market. It seems that 'personality' is where it's at for the male model. The young men interviewed were virtually unanimous in their view that for male models the most important trait is presence rather than actual-good looks. Were they merely deluding themselves or was this an opinion echoed by judges and audience members alike? The models held attitudes which veered between the naive and the narcissistic with one contestant asserting that "there's more pressure on girls to have a particular look whereas guys can play the whole thing a bit more casually. Guys can have a simpler look. It's all about attitude. If you've got the right attitude then it doesn't matter how you look". Alternatively, another of the guys commented that "I don't really know anything about it — this is the first thing I've ever done — but I'm just

wondering how a guy's really meant to portray a personality when all you're doing is walking. Maybe it's all about the way you carry yourself, but there's a fine line between that and arrogance". Yet another participant quipped that he imagined "that you still have to be reasonably good looking because without talking its not really about personality, its about body language". Meanwhile, judges were more demanding: looks and personality were cited as pre-requisites of the aesthetically pleasing male.

When it came down to the business end of the evening though it really didn't matter what the contestants thought. Or even what the judges thought. Because in the end it was all about the audience. Whilst the gentlemen were putting themselves out there in barbie-pink Speedo's or strutting their stuff in maroon leisure wear, audience members were alternately cheering from table tops or skulking in the furthest corners of the room. What really defined the competition was the response of audience members. Guys who had admitted that they were "just going to try and have a bit of fun, try and relax because I'm very, very, nervous, and be a bit silly maybe and take the piss a bit" were now parading in front of women and men who communicated sentiments ranging from "We're just here to

check out their asses" and "I'm looking for something nice and toned" to "Arrogance isn't much of a turn-on" and "Tosshead! I wanna throw something at him". Perhaps one wise woman drinking Midori best expressed the sentiments of the majority: "have I got any expectations? Men!"



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# flesh fictions

...g string with your beer? **kitty streeton** gets  
...down & funky at *sinsations*, canberra's most  
successful adult nightclub.  
many thanks to photographer **penny jones**.

It's 7:30 on a Saturday night and I'm about to peer inside a cauldron of a treacherous, underworld rife with ... well, girls. The back room is overflowing with them, a montage of chattering, pampering, primping, and glittering outfits, while outside in the club DJ Rob warms up the already trickling crowd with a few top forty tunes. *Sinsations* is open for business. I can't believe that I'm here, and, even more unbelievably, about to try stripping for myself. Lucy, my guide for the night, a veteran stripper and student

at ANU, pats on foundation and chats to me about her job. "I never realised how good it could be, then I came out here, it's like a big family. And that's such a nice feeling. It's just so good, stripping's influenced my whole person." She's evidently ridding herself of a lot of university stress. "I was quite hyperactive and nervous before, and it gets rid of all that tension. If I wasn't performing like this I'd be an actress or a comedian ...." She trails off and glosses her lips. Minutes pass. By this time, Lucy's lost herself in the mirror, but I ask another question anyway; did she always see herself stripping? "Yeah, actually, looking back. It was a dream I had. It

just made me really grow up, find out who I am. It's given me more confidence and I've discovered that it's perfectly alright to be myself."

Charlie, a single mother, has been working at *Sinsations* for over a year now. "I needed the money," she says candidly. "I was five thousand dollars in debt and was racking my brain one night absolutely panicking, and then my friend brought me out here. It's great. I have fun here and I like it."



'I want to lie down and quiver in a heap on the floor. I'm really scared. Scared of the crowd. Scared of *them*.'

"Well, I'm just here to dance," interjects Lena, tossing around a mane of red-black hair like it's her latest handbag accessory. It really could be, because she's evidently had some surgery done; her figure is contained within tight black

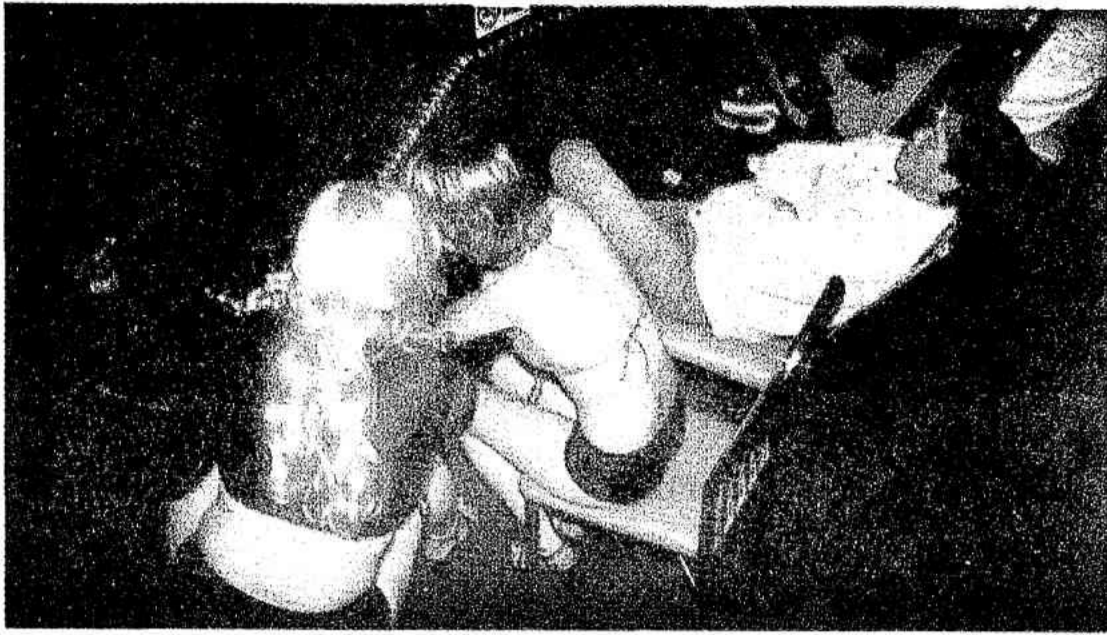
clothing but there's definitely more there than should be.

The minutes pass and I get more nervous. Now a flood of instructions pour out; Lucy tells me how many clothes to wear onstage, garter belt etiquette, what to do with clients, while I shield questions of future plans to strip from the other girls. She make-ups and wigs me within an inch of my life. I want to lie down and quiver in a heap on the floor. I'm really scared. Scared of the crowd. Scared of *them*. My set isn't for ages but I feel like screaming my lungs out.

We head on to the floor as a group. Now I see how the real clientele ranges, and often excludes the "generic Bogan" client-stereotype that seems to be rife through the industry. "I don't really see them as people," insists Lucy, "I see them as little boys." These "little boys" range from police, to suit culture, to university clients. They "range from scum to really good guys," Grant assures me, head of security at *Sinsations*. "Generally, the guys are

pretty good, in two years, we've only physically had to go at people twice. We also get a few older couples coming in. It's quite funny, they sit right at the back, the whole time. Then all of a sudden, the girl will go and start tip-





(Above) Theory of Stripping 1007: study hard, kitty!

**'When I think about 'respectable' jobs, like office jobs, waitressing jobs, the pay's so much lower and I don't think you necessarily get treated better. We have really good management here, the security is great and everyone's smiling...' - Kimba**

ping. It's like a signal, like 'I'm horny right fucking now' and off they go, boom! Out the door." He laughs and I laugh and suddenly we're friends for life.

Kimba, who has just returned from working in Japan, is showing off her very high, very new shoes tonight. "I feel really great working here. I got into it because a friend of mine was stripping a club in the peepshow and I turned eighteen and so I tried it. Everyone I asked about whether I should do it or not, said that I shouldn't, so I figured, there must be something about it that's interesting." She's fixing her hair in the mirror now, and something's wrong with this picture. I realise, shocked, that she's not wearing any makeup. She seems totally unaware of her gorgeousness. I feel like a bumbling lumberjack beside this unearthly creature. "I think a lot of tension is released," continues Kimba, unaffected by my revelation. "I've learned a lot about a lot of the side of people that they don't show to the outside world, I feel like I'm in this underground special club or something. I want to see the world and learn who I am while seeing the world. The work's really flexible, and the money's really good. I find it's really empowering, that... physical affirmation. Being on stage, entertaining, people telling you how wonderful you look, all the time."

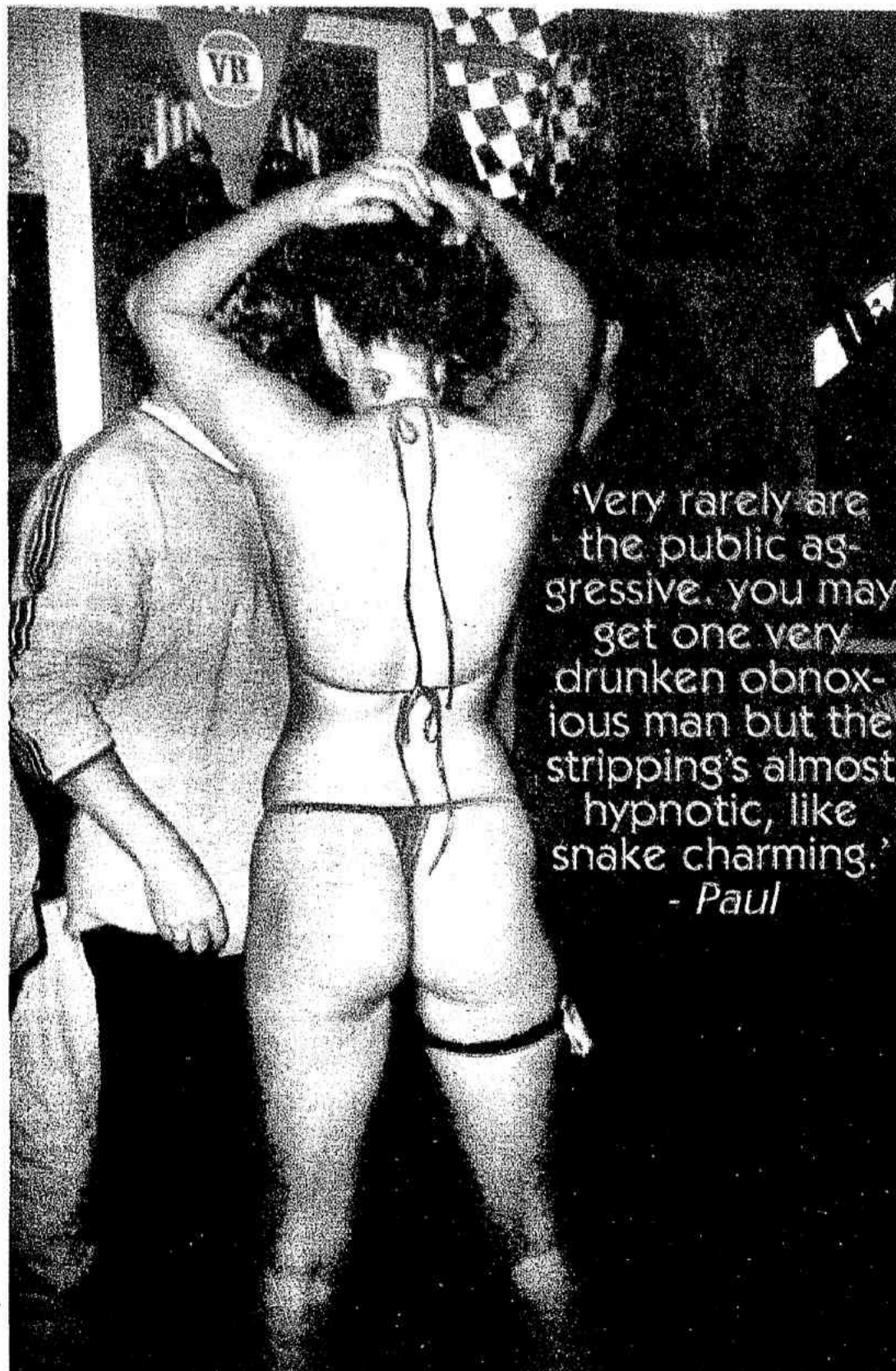
Her experience of being a stripper in Asia was distinctly different from the Australian way. "In Japan, you can't just shake your ass at them, you have to sit down and talk with them as well. You have to pretend to date lots of people, which is really emotionally draining, whereas, after a night of working here I feel physically exhausted but mentally, it's good. [Because] you understand here that the stripper doesn't go home with you she doesn't give you her number, you don't even know her real name necessarily. But in Japan, it's like, 'oh let's swap numbers, let's go to dinner'. The lines are really blurred. In Japan there were a lot more mind games."

Is stripping really that 'bad' in comparison to other forms of employment? "When I think about 'respectable' jobs, office jobs, waitressing jobs, the pay's so much lower and I don't think you necessarily get treated better. We have really good management here, the security is great and everyone's smiling."

It appears the clients are releasing tension by merely being here. According research done by the EROS foundation, rape and sexual assault rates drop in people who regularly visit strip clubs. (The Eros Foundation is Australia's adult goods and services industry association. Established in 1992, the foundation represents nearly seventy percent of all adult services in Australia.) As Lena points out, "Sometimes it's good to have a fantasy, that's what guys can do if they're comfortable at a strip club...If you were married, what would you rather have in your brain, that he's having an affair with somebody or that he's out here? Stripping's really harmless, and I think the public need to be educated about that."

I just can't get over how tame the clients are. "Very rarely are the public aggressive," says Paul, describing himself as 'just an innocent bystander'. "You may get one very drunken obnoxious man but [the stripping is] almost hypnotic, like snake charming. In this case, though, the snake totally charms to audience."

He leaves to get a drink, then moments later he reappears, worshipping at the mirrored altar with the rest of them.



**'Very rarely are the public aggressive. you may get one very drunken obnoxious man but the stripping's almost hypnotic, like snake charming.'**  
- Paul

'When people come in that I've known for a long time, it's kind of weird. But it makes you do a reality check as to whether you're ok with what you do. It makes you think about whether you're morally ok with your job. I do like my job, it's a lot of fun.' -Rachel

"Yes, they're very well trained, aren't they?" agrees Lucy. "You very rarely get a cunthead and if you do, they get thrown out." Grant backs her up on this one. "They all feel protected here, they get looked after. And if anyone touches, they're out the door."

I ask the other bouncer on duty, Steve, why he works in the industry. There's a pause. "Breasts." He replies with such clarity and finality that it's almost a religious creed. And that's the end of the conversation. I can't get anything else out of him.

These breasts mesmerise. It's the one altar that unites the customers for the perfect worship conditions. Penny reports to me a conversation with another customer during Lena's performance. "The guy I was talking to reckons there are series of breasts, it's like buying a car. If you get something that's fucked up too much and has too much money spent on it then it just gets ridiculous, and you have to know when to stop. That was his theory on Lena's breasts."

Lena is fascinating. She really does get off on this surgery thing. I catch up with her later on that night as she retouches her makeup in the dressing room, delightedly discussing her surgery plans. "I'm going to Bangkok soon, to get a lot of surgery done, I'm actually dieting, and doing heaps of sit-ups now, but thought I'd get lypo any-

way. I'm going to have some laser done underneath my eyes, and some silicon pumped in my lips." "It's one-hundred bucks for lips. But I haven't had any plastic surgery done on my face, yet." She talks faster and faster and more excitedly, then I realise that I have to get out.

I escape to visit Rachel, who is visiting for the weekend after moving to Sydney to study

Psychology. "I started last year, when I turned eighteen. I was just going to watch the first night but they said 'Get up on stage, go on', and it was just so much fun. The money is good, because I live by myself [in Sydney]. A lot of girls say when you start, don't get used to the money, because it's like a trap. I don't go out that much, but the concepts are basically the same, you can drink, have fun and dance." Rachel looks around at the club, which has eerily replicated the now-defunct Heaven nightclub in Civic, full of men (and women) hypnotised by the gyrations of the woman

confronting, it appears that once that hurdle is tackled, there's no stopping you. "The first night Charlie was up she bawled her eyes out," says Grant. "My first two nights, wasn't it?" corrects Charlie, laughing with Grant behind the bar. "Nerves and everything else got up and bawled her eyes out and kept coming back. And now, she's earning a shitload of money. Some people fit in, some don't. They can earn good money, and they can trim down. Because you're up there for about ten to fifteen minutes, it's like an aerobics workout."

"Some places get tagged with a bad reputa-

When I get up on stage, I'm not one of those who look like they get really turned on, just someone who's funny and having a good time... I can also laugh at myself, but I don't cringe, I feel joy and pride in myself.' -Lucy

onstage. "I guess some people would have a problem with it. A guy I went to high school with came in last night. When people come in that I've known for a long time, it's kind of weird. But it makes you do a reality check as to whether you're ok with what you do. It makes you think about whether you're morally ok with your job. I do like my job, it's a lot of fun." Now that Lucy has finished her lap dance, I comment about the featureless expression on her face that she has when onstage. She defends her character change: "When I get up on stage, when I'm giving a lap dance, part of me will let loose," Lucy explains. "I'm not one of those who look like they get really turned on, just someone who's funny and having a good time... I can also laugh at myself, but I don't cringe, I feel joy and pride in myself." There really is something reverential about being here, everyone worshipping at some exotic temple of female power.

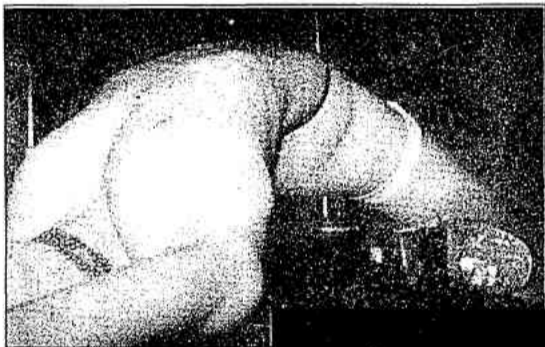
And what of my set? I realised that it was a turn on. It was definitely empowering. I didn't cry, although I felt

totally inexperienced and self-conscious, but relaxed enough to last it out. I didn't trip over on fall off the stage. Now that I've had time to reflect, there's a little voice telling me in the back of my head that I could get to like this. Although the 'bare-all' concept of stripping is

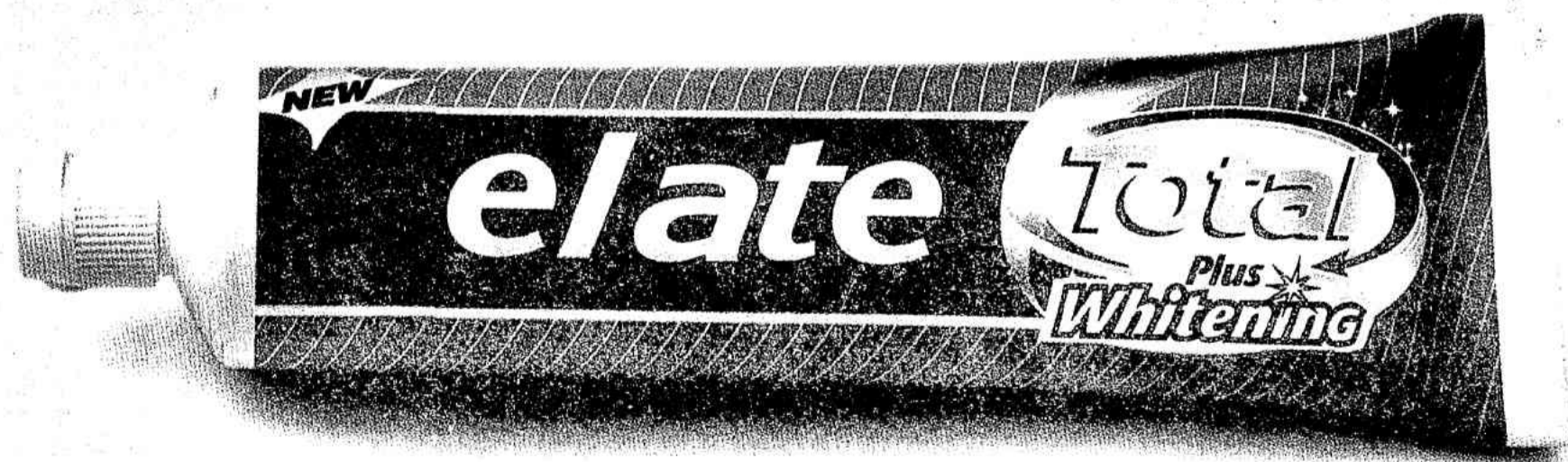
tion, preconceived ideas, but it's not like that at all. It's all fun, good music, good sound system, and the lighting is also good. They're [dancers] getting looked after. Without them, we don't have an adult dance club." We watch Charlie, now well into her set. Her movements tonight are automated, but she has an air of relaxation about her as she moves around the stage, sliding down the pole, a well-rehearsed move, skilful and controlled, stretched out upside-down. It's impressive.

But it's Cyan's first night also and she's remained sceptical. "It's not like a peepshow, where they can wank off, they can't touch you. What are these guys using all their money for? It's because they're bored and have nothing else to do on a Saturday night. And [the clients] like the attention, particularly the ones who spend hundreds of dollars here and you've got to wonder why they don't go to a prostitute."

Strippers suffer misrepresentation right across the board: from the media to individuals who judge only on established ideas of how the industry operates. These judgements are made without actually knowing the people involved. After my experience here I won't hesitate to support any woman who wanted to try stripping, or to defend anyone who works in this kind of environment. Here of their own free will, these are strong, empowered women who have my respect from this night on.



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AND 12 HR PROTECTION FROM THE REAL WORLD**

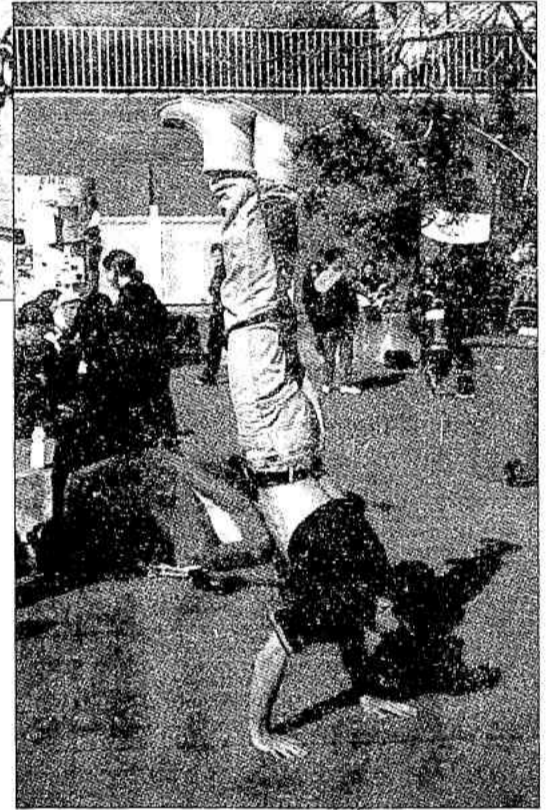
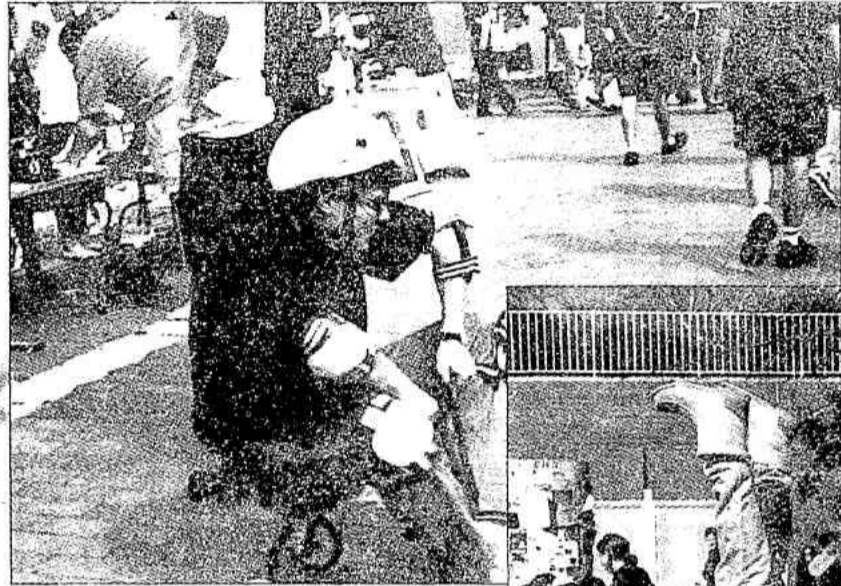
# guess what...

it's that time of year again when anu's finest put themselves to the test in a series of challenges that make the 12 tasks of asterix pale into insignificance. time is short so get hunting now!

**neither woroni nor the anu students' association condone illegal actions. items obtained illegally will not be eligible for entry into the competition. so there.**

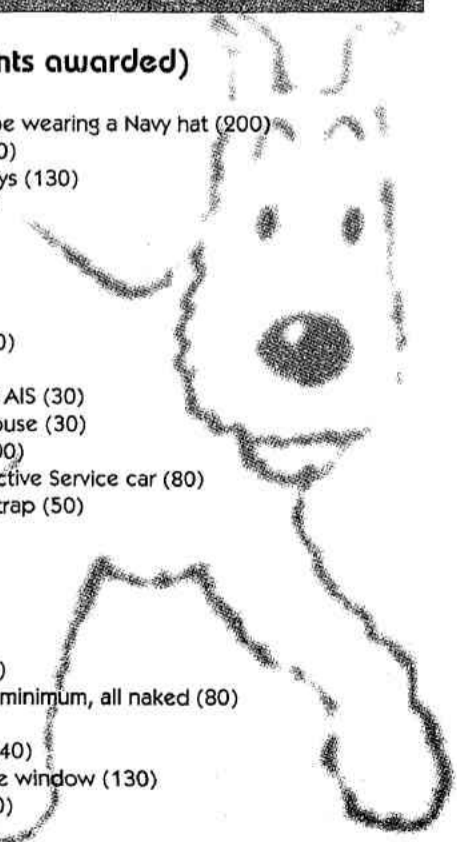
**stunts: to be performed on the day (points awarded)**

- 1 person "shoot" 10 jelly vodka shot (50)
- 1 person play a recognisable tune on a "Melody Pop" (20)
- 1 person snort Fizz Wizz (30)
- 1 person to eat a pair of edible underpants while someone else is wearing them (70)
- 1 person to imitate Barney the Dinosaur (10)
- 1 person to light their fart (60)
- 1 person to steal candy from a baby (30)
- 4 Long Island Iced Teas drunk between 2 people (120)
- Build a human pyramid (20 — 60 for most people)
- Eat 6 raw eggs between 2 people (80)
- Gladiator arena fighting — weapons must be fish (40)
- Interpretive dance — duration 5 minutes (40)
- Minimum of 4 people May Pole dancing. Must include a May Pole song (60)
- Most people in a car (50)
- One person eat 12 oysters (60)
- One person to eat a full salami — i.e. 12 inches or more (70)
- Piggy back racing (10 standard, 50 for winner)
- Rendition of Mulligrubs song (10)
- Sing the "Bank song" from Mary Poppins (40)
- Team to drink an entire beer keg (80)
- Tricycle racing (10 standard, 50 for winner)
- Vinyl throwing contest (10 standard, 50 for winner)



**naked photos (points awarded)**

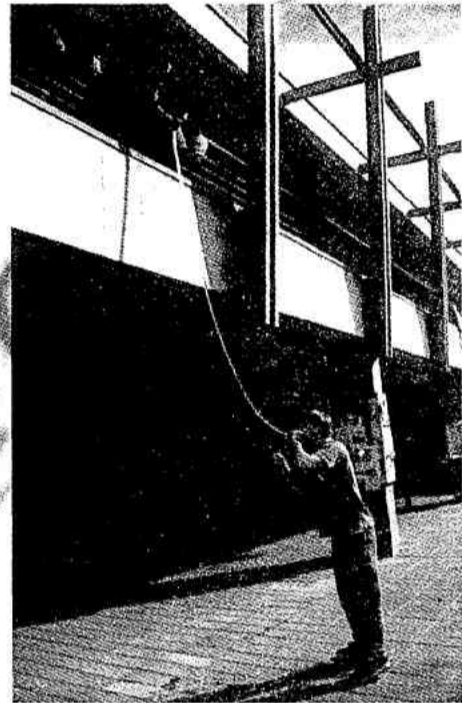
- Naked:
- At "Mooseheads" — must be wearing a Navy hat (200)
- At the Russian Embassy (180)
- At the zoo with the monkeys (130)
- Hitchhiking (20)
- In "All Bar Nun" (70)
- In a brewery (110)
- In a doctor's office (160)
- In a go-cart (40)
- In a snorkel and flippers (20)
- In a washing machine (40)
- In front of any statue in the AIS (30)
- In front of Bunnings Warehouse (30)
- In the National Museum (100)
- Next to an Australian Protective Service car (80)
- On a golf course in a sand trap (50)
- On a motorcycle (30)
- On a roof (30)
- On Capitol Hill (70)
- On horseback (90)
- On Manuka Oval (50)
- On the Moonlight Bus (100)
- Playing soccer - 11 people minimum, all naked (80)
- Up a tree (20)
- While Battling Darth Vader (40)
- With a mannequin in a store window (130)
- With a statue of Gandhi (40)
- With a Wollimi Pine (40)
- With Simpson and his Donkey (40)



# judging day: thursday of bushweek

## stuff to get (points awarded/ maximum amount)

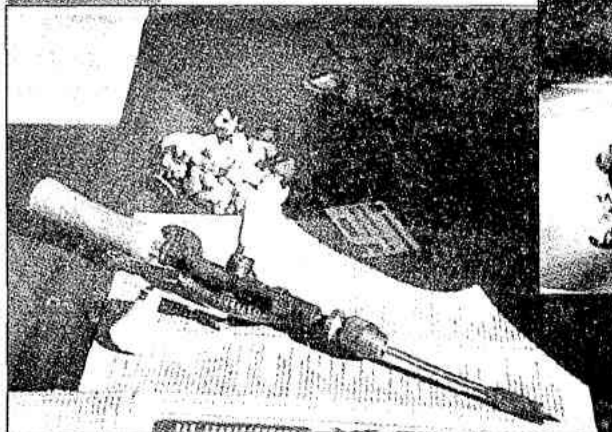
- 12 inch salami (5/1)
- 16 pound bowling ball (30/1)
- 3D glasses (10/1)
- 6 "Eau Bendite" Canadian beers (70/1)
- A "for Dummies" book (5/1)
- A 2 seater bicycle (30/ 1)
- A 3 seater bicycle (50/ 1)
- A 4x4 Dune buggy (200/ 1)
- A bible in a foreign language (30/ 1)
- A boy band - must perform a full song (100/ 1)
- A butcher, a baker and a candlestick maker (80/ 1)
- A cattle dog - must do a clever trick (50/ 1)
- A cheerleading squad - must do routine (100/ 1)
- A Column Heater (30/ 1)
- A cow bell (5/ 1)
- A Croatian — with passport (70/ 1)
- A cymbal-playing monkey (30/ 1)
- A dancing cactus (40/ 1)
- A drunken British backpacker — it is not in the spirit of the competition to merely have someone just acting like one, nor will such an entry be accepted (120/ 1)
- A fake cardboard TV (10/ 1)
- A French textbook (10/ 1)



- A full sized disco ball (50/ 1)
- A German bar wench — must be holding 6 Steins (50/ 1)
- A girl named Michael — must provide proof (90/ 1)
- A horseshoe (5/ 1)
- A house made of matchsticks (60/ 1)
- A Lazy Susan (30/ 1)
- A life sized mannequin (20/ 1)
- A live crustacean (20/ 1)
- A live depressed clown (30/ 1)
- A May Pole (10/ 1)
- A melody pop (5/ 1)
- A member of the diplomatic corps (100/ 1)
- A moped (100/ 1)
- A Mormon (70/ 1)
- A non-spring loaded Push Pop (40/ 1)
- A nose plug — ala synchronised swimming (5/ 1)
- A single plum floating in perfume, served in a man's hat (130/ 1)
- A Rabbi citing 6 separate Simpsons quotes (60/ 1)
- A rocking playground equipment item — with a spring on the bottom (50/ 1)
- A rubber chicken (5/ 1)
- A sand castle (10/ 1)
- A ship in a bottle (40/ 1)
- A shrubbery — must be large (30/ 1)
- A spanking monkey — interpret this however you

- wish (30/ 1)
- A super hero — must do a "superhero" act (70/ 1)
- A winning lotto ticket (6000/ 1)
- An ACTAB betting slip for \$200 (80/ 1)
- An Action bus (300/ 1)
- An empty beer keg (20/ 1)
- An Exit sign (10/ 1)
- An ex-nazi — no paper-work required, must convince judges though (20/ 1)
- An ex-polish serviceman — proof required in form of paper work (180/ 1)
- An inflatable baseball bat (5/ 1)
- An M&M dispenser (20/ 1)
- An MLA (400/ 1)
- An orthodox monk with incense (70/ 1)
- Ant farm (60/ 1)
- Any eye wear with a hologram (15/ 1)
- Ashtrays (1/ 20)
- Asparagus (1/ 30)
- Baby with candy (10/ 1)
- Bag full of tanbark (10/ 1)
- Bagpipes (40/ 1)
- Bangles (1/ 40)
- Beef jerky (5/ 1)
- Big assed Mexican sombrero (5/ 1)
- Big foam hand (10/ 1)
- Big Foot — interpret this however you wish (5/ 1)

- Big Mouth Billy Bass singing fish (30/ 1)
- Birth certificate (10 — 40 for oldest, 40 for youngest/ 1)
- Bob the Builder video (10/ 1)
- Book "The Hobbit" (10/ 1)
- Canberra Raiders beanie (20/ 1)
- Cheryl Kernot's book (10/ 1)
- Chess table (20/ 1)
- Christmas Tree — fully decorated (40/ 1)
- Communion wafers (10/ 10)
- Complete Stuffed Animal (10 — 40 for largest, 15 for smallest/ 1)
- Crazy Ivan from Ivan's Discount Clothing Store, Civic (200/ 1)
- Cricket bats (5/ 5)
- Crochet toilet man — that covers toilet paper (30/1)
- Croquet Mallet (30/ 1)
- Dentures (20/ 1)
- Dry Ice (20/ 1)
- Edible underpants (5/ 5)
- Faberge Egg (2000/ 1)
- Fizz Wizz (1/ 5)



- Flares (3/ 5)
- Full coconut with the husk (10/ 1)
- Full plate of armour — worn (100/ 1)
- Foosball table — ie. table-top soccer (40/ 1)
- Garden gnomes (3/ 20)
- Glow in the dark monster makeup (20/ 1)
- Goat (50/ 1)
- Grass white line marker (60/ 1)
- Guide dog donation box (40/ 1)
- Heineken Beer coaster (1/ 300)
- Home-made radio (50/ 1)
- Jelly vodka shots (1/ 10)
- Jockey — must be no taller than 160cm (80/ 1)
- KFC Uniform — worn (40/1)
- Kilt (20/ 1)
- Kindergarten kids with school bags (10/ 20)
- Koala in a can (15/ 1)
- Kringer doll (20/ 1)
- Kungfu monk (80/ 1)
- Large fish of the kind used for weapons (5/ 2)
- Large Nepalese flag (20/ 1)
- Lava Lamp (10/ 1)
- Lawn bowls set (40/ 1)
- Leather whip (15/ 1)
- Library cards (5/ 20)
- Light bulb (1/ 100)
- Lighter (5/ 1)
- Limestone chunk (10/ 1)
- Live sea horse (90/ 1)
- Long Island Iced Tea glasses (20/ 1)
- Long Island Iced Tea ingredients (40/ 1)
- Man-hole cover (40/ 1)
- Milk shake makers (10/ 4)
- Minimum 3 meter wide map of the world (30/ 1)
- Osama Bin Laden — the infamous one (10000/ 1)
- Oysters (1/ 12)
- Paper Mache Pig (30/ 1)
- Person wearing socks and sandals (10/ 1)
- Person with a beard BUT no moustache (40/ 1)
- Person with most piercings (50/ 1)
- Photo with a leader of any country beside Australia (40/ 1)
- Pink lamp shade (5/ 1)
- Pinned butterflies (5/ 5)
- Pirated Ali G movie (60/ 1)
- Playboy shotglasses (3/ 10)
- Pot plant — legal or illegal (5/ 1)
- Practicing Buddhist (20/ 1)
- Restaurant menus (5/ 10)
- Ronald McDonald statue (100/ 1)
- Roof tiles (1/ 40)
- Santa Claus (60/ 1)
- Scooby doo doll (15/ 1)
- Scooby snacks (20/ 1)
- Sea urchins (10/ 5)
- Shoes with live fish in them (60/ 1xpair)
- Shopping trolley (5/ 1)
- Simpsons comics (1/ 30)
- Six raw eggs (5/ 1)
- Skin tight cycling outfit — worn (15/ 1)
- Someone dressed as Tin Tin, must be carrying Snowy (80/ 1)
- Someone in beach wear (20/ 1)
- Someone named Abraham — must provide proof (30/ 1)
- South African currency — Rand (40/ 1)
- Springrolls (1/ 200)
- Stuffed Marmot (30/ 1)
- Sydney 2000 Olympic tickets (20/ 5)
- Telescope (20/ 1)
- The Dalai Lama (5000/ 1)
- The energiser bunny (40/ 1)
- The largest water gun (20/ 1)
- Tonka Truck (5/ 1)
- Train crossing sign (50/ 1)
- Tricycles (10/ 4)
- Troll dolls (3/ 15)
- Vinyl records (1/ 10)
- Working "Operation" game (20/ 1)

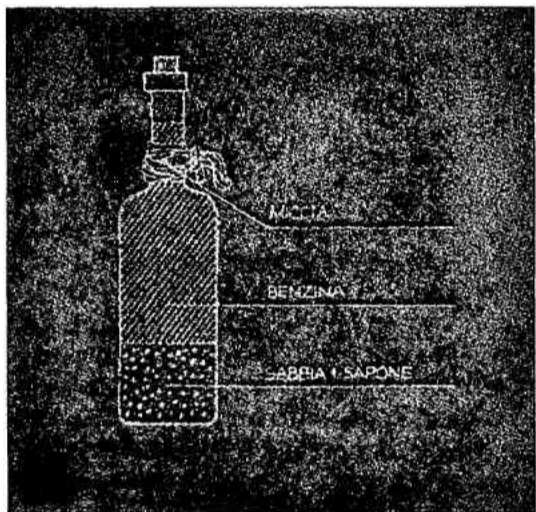
the hives, your new favourite band  
leo shanahan



Soon I will be blowing this popsicle stand. Away I will go leaving with some offensive remarks to my boss and the guy at the bar who has got a real attitude problem. I will arrive in the land of porn and abrupt conversational culture, Sweden. For any Swedes reading, I dig you. I like the fact that one minute a Swede will be regaling you with some boring story about why their cousin had to eat bread all day when he was in the army, and the next minute he's on the roof pissed as hell and yelling at the top of his lungs that he's about to jump. This strange mix of formalism and unpredictability is what I like about this Swedish band The Hives. Sure they come on the back of this new indy/punk garage sound being pushed by record companies, aka The Strokes and The White Stripes, but I have a real soft spot for these guys. For starters they don't take themselves particularly seriously and have no delusions of being the next Velvet Underground, unlike The Strokes. They know they are being manipulated by record companies and are revelling in it, "sold my body to the company soul...I got some money

and know I'm gonna spend it...they gave paper and I went and penned it." The irony is that I find this band quite legitimately punk. Their garage sound is not at all contrived and tedious, so whether some producer has tinkered with it for hours on end is kind of irrelevant, the end product is pretty good. It's that Swedish syndrome, sure, their style has got a kind of predictable dorky European punkness to it, but that doesn't preclude it from being good. This album isn't strictly speaking an album, it's a compilation of their other two albums. Produced by the godfather of Swedish rock, Pelle Gundefeldt, it's an attempt to introduce these guys to an international market, and he's done a good job. If The Hives are Sweden's answer to The Strokes then the Australian judge gives the gold to the Swedes, no appeals will be heard. (Sorry Dominik, I almost forgot, what was the address of that store in Stockholm? I could probably get them to send the 12 inch black rubber cock to you, but they might not have the gimp suit with the words "hate me" on the back in your size.)

godspeed you, black emperor, slow riot for new zero kanada  
earl slipshar



Another heartbreaker opus from Canadians, God Speed You, Black Emperor, the *Slow Riot for New Zero Kanada* is more of the thoughtful, melody-driven anarchy the group do so very well. At nigh on forty minutes long the *Slow Riot* is exactly that, a weird post-industrial soundscape designed to unsettle and disturb. GodSpeed, if so they chose, could be just one more good old freakout of belligerent post-punk guitar noise but they are much, *much* more than that. More melancholy than a clapped-out former corporation town, more desperate than a damp mattress lit by a bare bulb, and angrier than the rattiest squat punk ever, GodSpeed create a terrifying mix of pointed politics, poignant reflection and barely contained emotional schizophrenia. There is *nothing* bad about this release. This is music in awe at the breadth of the world and the power of art to transform lives: the groups commitment to challenging themselves and their listeners musically and emotionally is evident throughout. GodSpeed produce

a huge and involving sound to match the broad canvas of the anarchic human heart they document. The group is blessed with a great rhythm section; the most menacing string section to drop out of the Chicago symphony; and a guitar sound equal to the noise of every skinny-wristed post-punk geek band, multiplied by a thousand, spun out on quaaludes and cocaine and then strung out on acid. GodSpeed plays to its strengths on *Slow Riot*, creating an apocalyptic rumble that just won't let up. Oh, rock and fucking roll!!! *Slow Riot*, which incorporates a truly odd interview with a litigious homeless chap, has a nice knack of blending incendiary and reflective moments. The EP combines an up-yours attitude with the averted eye and bent knee of a god-fearing kid stuck in the eye of the storm of God's wrathful coming. And the whole thing is dedicated to the memory of the "disappeared cats of mile's end". Can you beat that?

felix da housecat, kittenz and thee glitz  
fruity lexia



House music has always been about decadence. Decadence and, of late, confounding genres. From synthetic electronica to more organic trip-hop, the spectrum is overwhelming. This release from Chicago born producer Felix da Housecat is not that recent (2001), but it captures dance music's fixation on outrageous hedonism, with a liberal dash of dark humour, and in doing so, has stirred up the genre police (those responsible for creating and defining genres).

It has been tagged 'electroclash'. Wanky, yes. But in the wanker-ridden pop-music world, genre names are absolutely essential so that music rags can make grand proclamations about the style's longevity, or inform us exactly how shit it is. In this case, *NME* announced electroclash as "The most exciting music scene in the world."

So why has this genre spurred such excitement? It may have something to do with the nature of the majority

of dance releases in the last few years, which, apart from the occasional deviation, have basically been boring: plodding, regurgitated repetition (yay, a grand proclamation of my very own). The electroclash purveyors are bringing character to a world which has largely been characterized by somber-looking white boys standing over turntables, with a spliff in hand (if you're lucky). Kittenz and Thee Glitz, and a lot of other 'electroclash' releases, take the decadence upon which house music was founded and leave it utterly debauched. While a lot of electroclash artists, Peaches, for example, thrive on shocking people, Felix is more reserved. The production is undoubtedly lifted straight from the eighties — plenty of synth action and vocoders galore — and the wanton lyrics revel in superficiality and glamour. Allow me to be vague and say that it is as easy to love as it is to hate. It's unlikely that clubbers will worship it as they have progressive house, but it's an injection that dance music has needed.

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matthew riley *area 7*  
daniel heard

*Area 7* is the fourth and latest book by Australian thriller writer Matthew Reilly. The book's title refers to the (fictitious) underground military base where most of the story is set, in the middle of the Arizona desert.

The basic plot is that, while visiting Area 7 to see some of the military research being carried out there, the President of the United States gets trapped inside by traitorous Air Force General and deep-south racist "Caesar" Russell. Caesar believes that the US Government is corrupt and soft, and he proposes to prove it by killing the President. Being a sporting kind of fellow, however, he's devised a challenge: the President has a radio transmitter attached to his heart which will turn itself off if his heart stops beating. Without its signal, nuclear weapons placed in fourteen decadent, latte-sipping Northern US cities will be detonated, leaving only the hard-working, salt of the earth Southerners to carry America into a glorious new dictatorship

under General Caesar. The only man who can save the President is a young, handsome, Marine named Shane Schofield...

Reilly makes no bones about the fact that his books aim for fast-paced, rip-roaring action. He has openly stated that if character development gets in the way of the action, character development gets the chop. Judged on those terms, this book is a complete success: the action is non-stop, exciting, and intricately planned, and although there is a romance subplot, it certainly doesn't get in the way of the gun battles, boat chases and helicopter duels. Imagine a big budget Hollywood action film like *The Rock*, and you get some idea of what this book is like. If you like action thrillers, you'll love *Area 7*. If you're a decadent, latte-sipping literary snob, look elsewhere for your in-flight reading.



carol shields *unless*  
earl slipshar

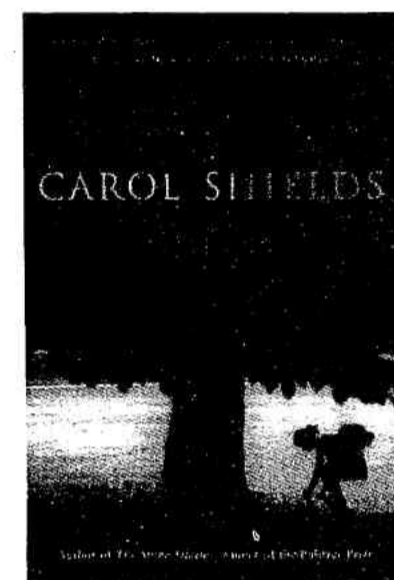
More your literary cup of tea, Carol Shields' *Unless* puts character development well ahead of action-packed convulsions to a racy plot. Still, if nuanced characters and convincing internal dialogue float your boat, *Unless* will have you walking on the proverbial sunshine. The novel tells the story of a family whose promising daughter Norah gives university and her charming beau the flick to beg on a Canadian street corner, with the intriguing word GOODNESS penned on cardboard around her neck. Shield's first person narrative, written in the voice of Reta Winters, Norah's writer mother, is however concerned primarily not with these surface details but with the deeper puzzles of human goodness and the subtle subjugation of women in families and in literary culture.

*Unless* establishes a tantalising structure in which Shields, a woman author, tells the story of Reta, also a female author, who is in turn preparing for publication a "light fiction" whose main character is — did you guess? —

another woman writer. While it risks preciousness, Shields uses this trick of perspective to good effect in her dissection of literary machismo and the manner in which shock can unhinge our sense of identity.

Most effective in this context are Reta's unsent letters to prominent literary figures, in which she expresses - with a mixture of self-consciousness, uncertainty and rage that will strike a chord with many women who have twigged to the sexism of a world that seems sympathetic to feminism - her concern that women's relegation to positions of "goodness but not greatness" in art and culture has led her daughter to embrace a withering form of self-denial in the pursuit of personal salvation.

Shields has written a tempered novel, tenacious in its attitude to issues of gender and redemption.



naomi klein *no logo*  
dr mark billington, esq.

*Select* called *No Logo* the "bible for anti-corporate militancy" while *i-D* magazine has welcomed Naomi Klein as a "young funky heiress to Chomsky". Now, you may be a Chomsky fan but even *you* have to admit that no-one could accuse the good professor of funkiness. Indeed, Chomsky is so far from funky that even the most heartfelt of blithering revolutionary geeks, dedicated to self-improvement through the acquisition of bookish lefty lore, would be hard-pressed to read the entirety of *Profit before People*. Though you've got to admit the title's catchy eh?

Klein has done it though, that difficult thing, the thing the youth brigades of 32 different flavours of campus socialism have failed to do: she's made the politics of global neo-liberalism really engaging. Not just engaging in a mildly interesting "but does the UN really serve the people?" kind of a way but kick-arse interesting in a smash-the-state to a soundtrack of bubbling solar-operated sounds while wearing néato-burrito-affinity group-tshirts-you-screenprinted-yourself-at-

Dave's-place kind of a way.

Um. Whatever.

Carefully put together so as to pack a political punch where it matters to kids who came of age on the edge of the new millennium, *No Logo* divides into quarters that deal with corporate branding; the myth of consumer choice; the casualisation of the youth workforce and anti-corporate activism respectively. Klein's success lies in her ability to link a sympathetic analysis of culture, work and study as experienced by dissatisfied western middle-class under-30s to a global argument about inequality and neoliberalism.

And since *No Logo's* political memory stretches back only to the 1980s, there is nary a mention of Pete Seger, which, thank god, leaves us free to re-invent the political wheel for ourselves.



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*ghost world*, terry zwigoff  
leo shanahan

I am one who likes to mock those with comic book fixations. When an *X-Men*, *Spiderman* or some such genre film is released I snidely laugh at the people lining up for tickets and mock their "it was like the comic except Wolverine is actually meant to sleep with Storm" post-movie commentary. However, in the case of Terry Zwigoff's adaptation of Daniel Clowes' great comic *Ghost World*, I was as bad as a *Star Wars* fan finding fault in a reviewer's knowledge of *Boba Fets* lineage (see letters). I love Daniel Clowes, his stories are complex, funny, artistically brilliant and highly perceptive. Thora Birch and Scarlett Johansson play Enid and Rebecca, two outcasts who have just completed high school. Instead of deciding to go to university, they decide to get jobs and move in together. They meet Seymour (Steve Buscemi) during this process when they falsely answer a personal he has placed, waiting for him at a diner and secretly laughing at the loner-dork who turns up. In an almost perverse and semi-remorseful move Enid begins a friendship with Seymour, showing interest in his taste for 1920's blues and ragtime.

Buscemi, as per the norm, is great in this film. Zwigoff has an obvious interest in comics, having directed the best documentary ever made *Crumb*, and now the adaptation of Clowes' work. One criticism of this movie is that it often stayed too close to the comic, some scene's being direct ad-

aptation. Whilst this in itself is not a bad thing, it sometimes had the effect of making the script and characters lack the depth and complexity in character and mood which Clowes work so readily purveys. I would have liked to see more techniques on Zwigoff's behalf that would have made for a true film adaptation of the comic, as one cannot simply transcribe comic format on to film. None the less this is one of the best films of the year. Clowes' take on high school art classes were spot on. Illeana Roberts' role as the ex-hippie art teacher was so good I felt as t I was back at the funny smelling art room at college. The scene in which a student presents a coat hanger sculpture saying "this demonstrates a women's right to choice" is one of the funniest in film-making history. I love this film and I love Clowes' comics. It's always hard when something you love is put into the mainstream for the consumption of dumb people. I cite the example of the *2CN* announcer who said "yes I would like to see the this *Ghost Dog* movie about the rejects", or better yet some trendy middle aged moron who constructs her sense of style around Margaret Pomeranz's latest look describing *Ghost World* as "quirky". I console myself with the thought that these people have no idea, and that if Clowes was here he'd agree with me.

*sidewalks of new york*, edward burns  
will tse

*Sidewalks of New York* is a light-hearted look at the interlocking relationships of six modern day New Yorkers. It's writer-director-producer-actor Edward Burns's exploration, again, of the complexities of love, lust, commitment and infidelity (*The Brothers McMullen* and *She's The One* are two of his previous efforts). Here, we have: a recently dumped thirty-something businessman, a teenage waitress who's in love with an older man, a sixth-grade teacher who can't get rid of her muso ex-husband, a dentist who's contemplating a third marriage, a hotel doorman with a bit of an obsessive personality, and a real estate agent who suspects that her husband is unfaithful. Phew.

The overall film concept could have been a heap of confusing relationships dribble, but this is a well-paced and entertaining script and is an indication of Burns's capability as a writer. It unfortunately earns that romantic/comedy label which understates this movie. Unlike typical romantic comedies, the characters in *Sidewalks* are all quite real and annoying. At times, I found myself being frustrated by some of the characters and then realising, hey, I actually know someone who's exactly like that.

Unfortunately, this film's release has been delayed several times and it shows. Filmed in February 2000, *Sidewalks* comes across somewhat dated. The film was also another victim of

cinematic delays due to September 11, the primary reason is probably attributed to the fact that a good amount of film time features the twin towers.

Ed Burns is supported by a cast with varying degrees of success. In particular, Stanley Tucci is irritatingly fine as always, cool girl Brittany Murphy gives a strong performance as a controlled unconfident young adult, while Heather Graham struggles unconvincingly as the suspicious wife, so it is lucky that she's pretty. And despite his good screen presence, Burns himself plays that easy-going cool guy role once again, which is starting to get boring if you've seen his other films. This, along with the New York City setting, is probably why Burns is being compared to that other writer-director-producer-actor, Woody Allen. This comparison is somewhat unfair to Burns whose body of work, experience and overall approach to film is quite dissimilar to that of Allen. It'll probably take another five to ten films before any film-maker can start getting a reputation, good or bad. In the meantime, this is a fine picture for Burns to build onto what is a respectable resume.

*spider-man*, sam raimi  
ben nguyeu

There is a difficulty in adapting a superhero comic for the screen that involves balancing the level of (at least photographic) realism required by film with the level of fantasy and outrageousness that define the characters. It is a similar challenge to that faced by some thirteen year-old boys I heard about once, who created a comic about a superhero team operating out of Belconnen. They would appear from their secret headquarters located underneath the Belconnen bus interchange and assist people in catching the correct bus or something like that. Sometimes suspension of disbelief can only go so far.

This is a problem not entirely solved by *Spider-Man*. Fully-grown men scampering around a city in daylight wearing skin-tight brightly coloured costumes will always have a sense of the ludicrous about them. However, some solid characterisation, despite common opinion always the strength of comics, will go a long way. In *Spider-Man*'s case, Peter Parker (the man behind Spider-Man's mask) has always been rooted in a kind of readily identifiable realism that Superman or Batman lacked. Peter is the epitome of the type of person who tries on undies over tights in front of the mirror and then wears these to school underneath his clothes. The comic book fan in other words, awkward, nerdy and socially inept, and with a deeply felt but unreciprocated crush on one of the most popu-

lar girls at school. There was only one young American actor who could pull this off with any sense of pathos and that was Tobey Macguire who had perfected such parts in films like *Pleasantville* and *The Ice Storm*. Here, of course, Macguire is allowed to undergo quite a transformation, as (due to a genetically engineered spider bite) he discovers he can climb walls, swing between buildings, and has super agility and strength - the ultimate in comic book fan wish fulfilment. The scenes in which he is learning to use these powers have a real joy about them and are a pleasure to watch.

The supporting characters are less successfully rendered. There's Peter's Aunt and Uncle, and his love interest, Mary Jane Watson (Kirsten Dunst). Also, for those with a thing against spiders there's always the Green Goblin (Willem Dafoe) to side with in his attempts to squash the little critter. All of these characters suffer from stereotypitis. In contrast Peter's fantastic editor J. Jonah Jameson is a delight, and his buddy Harry Osborne appears ready to play an interesting part in later sequels.

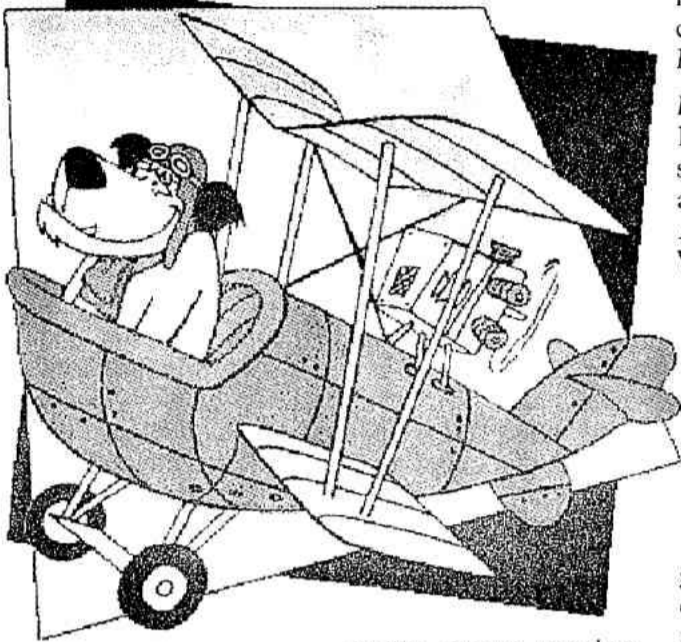
Overall, *Spider-Man*, whilst not aiming high, does what it does well. There's action and excitement, romance, and it's rounded off with some nicely done humour and an attitude that doesn't take itself too seriously. A better blockbuster than most.



## the adventures of dr. muttley & mr. mumbly

hoots mcsporrán on: the napoleon complex as exhibited by dogs

The cult pages of *Woroni* devote a great deal of attention to the editors' childhood memories of cartoons from the epic afternoon and Saturday morning television of the 1980s. Continuing down this well beaten track, *Woroni* has



come across another rich vein of fetishistic space filler. Somewhat out of place amongst the usual 80's fare - from the late Cold-War Manichean battles of the Transformers and He-man, to the a, b, and c of educational and thoughtful kids' TV that was the Cities of Gold, to the underground fun of the Fraggles and their ghetto (not strictly a cartoon) - were the recycled classics of the late 60s and early 70s. Who could forget the *Perils of Penelope Pitstop*, the *Wacky Races*, and the various and numerous incarnations of Yogi

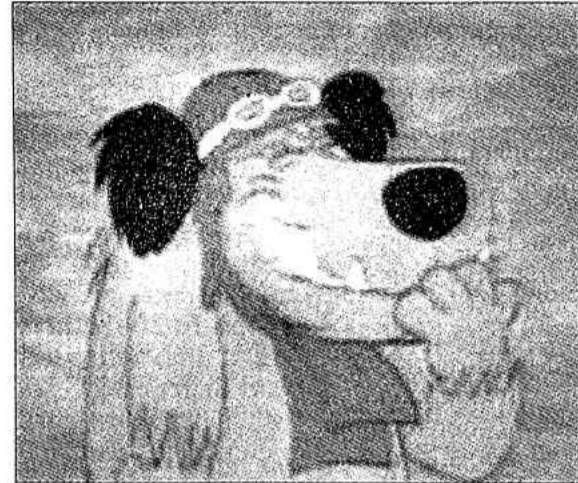
Bear and Scooby Doo? Everyone remembers Yogi Bear and Scooby Doo, indeed poor old Scooby has been a victim of his own success; with the new Scooby Doo movie he has become the latest subject of Hollywood's necrophilic tendencies. There is, however, one classic character who has not received the same critical acclaim (and unfairly so): Muttley, the sniggering hound-dog.

Muttley debuted as the sidekick of the camp Dick Darstardly in 1968 in that wackiest of shows, the *Wacky Races*. He reappeared again in a *Races* spin-off, *Darstardly and Muttley and their Flying Machines*. The *Wacky Races* and *Darstardly and Muttley* were inspired by 60s films like *The Great Race* and *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*. In the *Wacky Races*, 11 teams raced around the world to become 'the wackiest racer of the world', and in *Darstardly and Muttley*, Darstardly and the inept Vulture squadron attempted week after week to 'Stop that Pigeon!', the pigeon being Yankee Doodle Pigeon, the carrier pigeon who of course was never thwarted by the malevolent efforts of the Vulture squadron.

Muttley the scraggly somewhat hunched pooch with the two large bottom canines, although the henchman of Darstardly was not his loyal or obedient servant, and demanded medals for following the stupid orders of Darstardly. Rather, Muttley was his own dog and it was he who really stole the show. And what made Muttley was his sniggering laugh. Muttley never said much, in fact he was even more monosyllabic than Scooby Doo, with his repetitive

snide and incisive laugh. But Muttley never needed to speak; he laughed. While his laugh was always the same it managed to fit the situation of the crazy capers of the cartoon whatever they were; although that can probably be explained by the very simplistic nature of the plot or the absence thereof. Muttley's laugh was the laugh of knowing observation. While Scooby's laugh was that of fun pot-headed vapidness, Muttley's had more condescending substance. He laughed with the viewer at the crazy dimwitted deeds of Darstardly and the Vulture squadron. His was the laugh of the unimpressed cynic.

Although being the acid observer of the human condition that he was Muttley never got the show of his own that he deserved. But he was later reincarnated in another cartoon in 1976 as Mumbly a detective dog, who wore a trench-coat, drove a ramshackle car, and solved crimes.



Mumbly was the same old sniggering Muttley merged with Peter Falk's absent-

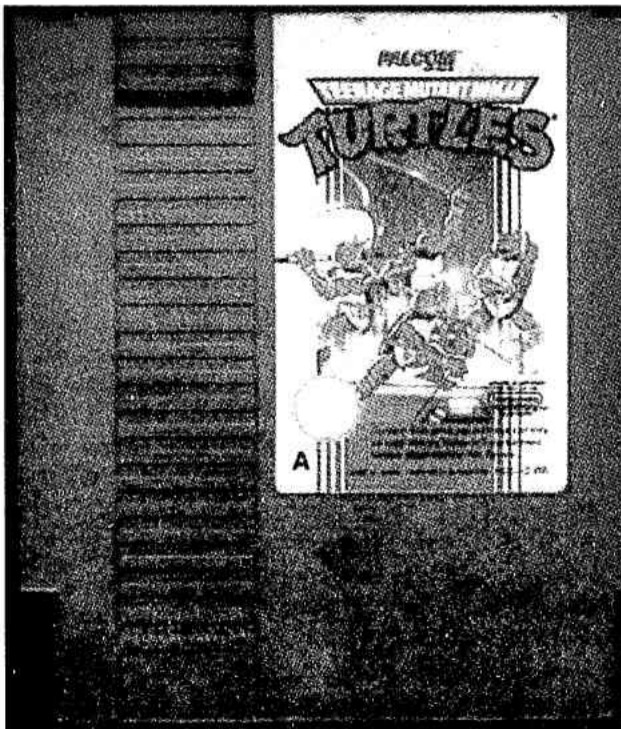
minded detective Columbo. Despite coming from the 60s Muttley fitted in quite well with the 80s ethos of greed and power. If Muttley was an 80s personality he would have been a dishevelled, greasy powerbroker like, say, Graham 'Richo' Richardson. Muttley deserves to be remembered as much as Scooby-Do, Yoda, or Megatron. He may have not been a cartoon superstar, but that sniggering pooch had the laugh that still makes me laugh.

## heroes in a half-shell: turtle power

leo shanahan on: teenage mutant ninja turtles for the nintendo entertainment system

The early and mid 1990's was a fun time for me. I'd like to say that I was into some really cool bands and that I was taking a lot of drugs and that "that this whole period was a really weird and kind of important one." I wasn't in some indie rock band or going to see Nirvana at the ANU. I was 11 years old, attending the local Catholic school and playing *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* video games.

There are several things I find amusing about this game. The first is the subject matter, that being the *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*. Even as an extraordinarily naïve eleven year old I passed a sceptical eye over these in vogue creatures and asked, "what are these things and why do they exist?" This is not to say that I didn't buy into the crazy. In their wisdom my parents never purchased any *Ninja Turtles* toys or clothing for me. Now knowing that it was in my best interests I still thank them to this day. They did allow me to purchase this game, and for that I thank them even more. *The Turtles* were



a fascinating bunch. Four turtles made mutant by toxic ooze, who were then inexplicably trained in the art of ninja by yet another mutant, this time in the guise of Splinter the rat. Just to confuse matters a bit more they all had names of Renaissance artists Raphael, Donatello, Michelangelo and Leonardo (I always liked the fact that I was the namesake of the leader). *The Turtles* were not, contrary to popular opinion, created in Japan. They were first created in a comic by two Americans. It was then turned into a gaudy cartoon series, in which some script writing fiend came up with the catch phrase of "cowabunga dudes." This term tormented many in the early 90's as *Turtles* slang became the *lingua franca* of the playground. The cartoons were followed by a series of movies. These I can sit and watch happily any time when I'm drunk or stoned enough, and star numerous mid nineties celebrities like Vanilla Ice.

Though not being Japanese, *The Turtles* comic artists were highly influenced by Japanese Manga thematically and artistically. Mutation caused by exposure to radiation of some kind is a common theme in Manga. Some put this down to a post-war Japanese obsession with mutant births occurring as a result of the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Don't worry I'm not deconstructing the *Ninja Turtles*, but you have to

admit there is a definite strangeness to a lot of Japanese children's cartoons. I mean what the hell is a Pokemon anyway? Wait five years and there will be a unit in film studies devoted to these bizarre cartoons, "Film 2209: *Gotta Catch Em All: A unit studying post-war Japanese thinking through children's animation from Astro Boy to Pokeman.*"

The other thing I loved about this game is that it was on my Nintendo Entertainment System. My parents once again held out against the video game revolution, however being from a rather large family they quickly realised that a Nintendo might pacify at least 40 per cent of the populous for some period of the day. The day we got the Nintendo I thought that god had come to earth, turned into a grey square box with Nintendo written on the side, plugged himself into the wall and had begun delivering the sermon on the mount through the Mario Brothers. My life was complete at that point. Sure kids these days have their game cubes, but I say that the old NES had a quality that cannot be matched. This particular game was captivating mainly because it was so fuckin hard! I have never met anyone who has finished this game. Some kid in the playground would tell you he got up to fighting Shredder on the last level, but on Friday afternoon at his place he conveniently fell short, not even completing the sixth level. *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* for the NES I salute you. As a game you are an impossible enigma and as characters your harder to work out.



Greetings all and welcome back to Semester 3 – the semester well known for fun, laughter and all sorts of social craziness. A special welcome to new students joining ANU for the first time this semester. I hope you enjoy the festivities of Bush Week and other events organised by the various clubs and societies this term.

Since the last issue of *Woroni*, things have been chugging along in the Students' Association and around the University.

To begin with, the Review of Undergraduate Education Committee has released an issues paper. I emphasise that the paper is set out as a discussion paper and we would love feedback on what you think of the recommendations made. Among other things, the Committee has considered making degrees more flexible (in single and combined degrees), improving work experience and internship opportunities, improving relations between the National Institutes, Research Schools and Faculties, explaining different grading and assessment policies across the Faculties and taking another look at Honours. The Committee received over 80 submissions and commissioned a number of other documents to provide additional information. Throughout the term, the Students' Association will be holding forums to present the information in the issues paper and to ask your opinion. If you

would like more information on the Review of Undergraduate Education or have anything you would like me to bring up, I urge you to drop me a line on [sa.president@anu.edu.au](mailto:sa.president@anu.edu.au).

As the term begins, I thought I would also give an update on parking. A new Hall of Residence is being planned to be built between Bruce Hall and Burton & Garran Halls. It will have approximately 100 rooms in the style of Graduate House and is expected to be completed by 2004.

While this means a significant portion of the car park between Bruce and B&G Hall will disappear, another multi storey car park will be built near Bruce Hall on the unsealed car park to replace the lost spaces and provide up to 400 more. In 2003, there will be some difficulties with parking in the area and Bruce/B&G residents will be asked to share parking with the Science institutions in the area. However, temporary replacement parking will also be provided. I understand that this will cause much inconvenience and frustration for a great number of people, but I ask you to bear it with the expectation that there will be more parking in 2004.

In addition, ANU Parking is considering offering a discount for purchases of a permit that will entitle the permit holder to only park in the surface car park near Lennox Crossing. The discounted permit would be restricted to one car park, but is also available to part time students. The Students' Association has been asking for part time students to be allowed to purchase permits for many years and we hope this will go some way to easing the burden on those students. There will be more information available on this after the next Parking Reference Group meeting later in July.



## prez sez:

Students may also have noticed that the car park opposite the School of Music, behind the Baldessin building was converted into pay and display parking earlier in the year. This was done to fulfil one of the conditions of leasing the ACT land that the Peter Karmel Building stands on and also provide additional spaces for part time students. However, since becoming pay and display, the car park has only averaged 30 per cent full on any working day. Facilities and Services will be completing a survey of the car park

early in Semester 2. The Students' Association will be supporting ANU Parking as they ask the ACT Government to allow us to convert a major portion of the car park back into permit parking.

Dr Nelson, the Minister for Education, Science & Training has also recently released a paper entitled 'Striving for Quality: Learning, Teaching & Scholarship'. It is the second paper in the higher education review. The paper raises questions about the quality of teaching in Australian universities and asks how we, as a sector, can improve on present standards. The paper also asks about the tools we can use to ensure education quality and encourage students to reach their full potential. The Students' Association intends to make a response in submission to this paper and I will be convening a group of interested students to discuss possible issues. If you are interested, please email me on [sa.president@anu.edu.au](mailto:sa.president@anu.edu.au) for more information.

I hope all of you around Bush Week, especially at the launch of our Safety awareness campaign. And as usual, if you see me around, please come around for a chat.

**Joanne Yin**  
SA President



## get a life

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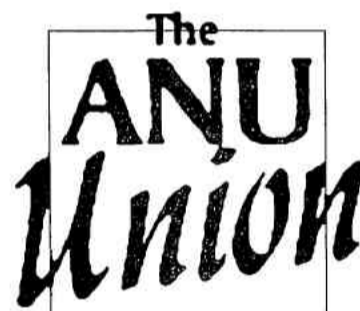
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In case you were not aware Bush Week is coming. The fun begins on Monday July 29 and runs to Friday August 1. There will be heaps of cool stuff like jumping castles and music and BBQs and trivia and tree hugging. Ohhhh what I almost forgot, sonic animation for only \$10! But tickets are limited so go get yours now at the ANUSA. Anyway, I have much more fun up my sleeve so stay tuned...

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**Dana Quick**  
Social Officer



THE AUSTRALIAN  
NATIONAL UNIVERSITY  
UNION

## NOTICE OF ELECTION

The ANU Union will be holding its Annual Elections on the 19<sup>th</sup> – 22<sup>nd</sup> August 2002.

The positions to be elected include:

**THREE (3) ORDINARY MEMBERS (2 year term)**  
from the annual, life and ordinary members of the Union, (which includes all undergraduate and postgraduate students)

**ONE (1) MEMBER (1 year term)**  
from currently enrolled Postgraduate Students or Staff of the University who are Members of the Union

Nominations Open:	Tuesday, 30 <sup>th</sup> July
Ticket Registrations Open:	Tuesday, 30 <sup>th</sup> July
Nominations Close:	12:30pm, Tuesday, 6 <sup>th</sup> August
Ticket Registrations Close:	12:30pm, Friday, 9 <sup>th</sup> August

Polling times will be Monday, 19<sup>th</sup> August to Thursday, 22<sup>nd</sup> August, from 10:00am to 6:00pm each day.

A Call for Nominations will be published in *The Canberra Times* and on Union Notice Board upon the Opening of Nominations.

For more information concerning the election please contact Union Administration on (02) 6125 2446

## cunninglinguist

Well, Women in Education Week is between the 12th and 16th August and do we have a packed week for you! The handbook will be launched on Tuesday, with a morning tea to celebrate the awesome work involved and the 150 per cent bigger, better, newer, improved Rapunzel Room! There will be plenaries on campus politics and women as refugees, stalls, a film night, a top secret barbeque and the ultimate trivia night, with prizes to wear heels for. We'll be taking donations during the week for RAWA (Revolutionary Association of Afghani Women) and Toora (The ACT women's shelter) and the Thursday BBQ will be in solidarity with Thursdays in Black, a women's peace movement originating in Palestine.

Friday the 9th August is the Women's Department AGM which will be held in the Rapunzel Room time to be announced. All items for the agenda should be in at least three days before the meeting and all undergraduate women have full voting rights.

The Safety campaign, run by the SA and the Women's Department will be launched during Bush Week and while there are some ideological differences between what we (as a collective) and the SA wanted, hopefully there will be some concrete changes in the way administration treats the issue of student safety. However, the collective has chosen to take a harder line and the fruits of our labours will be evident in the next semester. If you agree that student safety is paramount then join us to DEMAND A SAFE CAMPUS.

If you want to get involved in the department, collective or just during the week, contact the office on 6125 9868 or at sa.womens@anu.edu.au.

**Nadia Docrat**  
Women's Officer

**club it to death**

Drill Hall Gallery Exhibitions

July 4 - August 11

Inge King: Joie de Vivre. Bronzes and Maquettes, 1991 - 2000  
Grahame King: Lithographs and Paintings

## queer as fuck

By the time this column is published, ANU and UC should have co-hosted one of the most successful Queer Collaborations conferences ever. Hopefully all those who wanted to come along did and participated in a wide range of plenaries, workshops, protest actions and social events.

However, as big as it is, QC is not the end of the year for the Sexuality Department. There are a number of different things planned for second semester, including the inaugural Jellybabies Ball (to be held on Friday August 23rd) and, possibly, a queer issue of Woroni. As always, the Queer Collective will meet at 1pm on every second Wednesday of term, starting first week back July 24th.

Third term will also see the Students, Association annual elections. This is your chance to nominate for Sexuality Officer, or a range of other positions. It is vitally important that the views of lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered and intersex students are represented — I would encourage anyone who is thinking of running to put themselves forward. Ratification of candidates for Sexuality Officer will take place at the Sexuality Department Annual General Meeting (details to be advised).

Til then, see you all at collective meetings.

**Alastair Lawrie**  
Sexuality Officer

**Fame**

# CHIFLEY REFURBISHMENT PROJECT

## Creating a better and safer building for you and future Users to enjoy.

There will be changes to the access of some Library materials and in the operation of the reserve collection during the refurbishment of the JB Chifley Building in second semester.

Access to books on Level 4 (the top floor) will be limited. Therefore, two-day loan books normally located on level 4 will be held together with the two-hour loan material on level 2 (the ground floor).

On level 4, approximately one-quarter of the materials at any one time will be inaccessible to users. Only Library staff, who will collect books on request on a regular basis several times each day, will have access to these areas.

Access to materials will be limited as follows:

- July 4 - August 3  
All standard size books in classification ranges  
HC - HZ  
J - JN, JQ (Chifley locations Only)  
NI - NQ370.B5
- August 3 - September 6  
Classification ranges  
NQ370.C45 - NZ  
P - PH  
PL (Chifley locations only)  
PM  
PN - PQ2030
- September 6 - October 12  
Classification ranges  
PQ2030 - PS
- October 12 - November 15  
Large books in  
D - DZ  
E  
F  
H - HZ  
J  
N - NZ  
All very large books.

Further information will be made available closer to the date that each quarter is restricted.  
For a further explanation of the classifications, see <http://anulib.anu.edu.au/about/pubs/general/lcblmkhtml>  
For a further information on the Chifley Refurbishment see [http://anulib.anu.edu.au/news/stories/chifley\\_upgrade.html](http://anulib.anu.edu.au/news/stories/chifley_upgrade.html)



THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY  
DIVISION OF INFORMATION





# THE 'STRINE

PROTECTING BREAKABLES ACROSS THE NATION



Channel 7 apologises for Titanic/World-Cup clash that ended 9000 Australian marriages



Spiderman II, Episode III advertise in desperation for new script writers willing to tolerate Lee and Lucas.



## Saddam: "My step-son never listens to his parents"

Bob Ajob

Saddam Hussein's step-son recently traveled to Los Angeles in order to attend the same flight school as the September 11 suicide bombers just a couple of days before the July 4. The LAPD considered Saddam's step son (an Air New Zealand employee) a possible terrorist. In a public statement Saddam Hussein has apologised to Air New Zealand, and the Los Angeles Police Department for the behaviour of his step-son.

Saddam told the press, "I know Air New Zealand are very busy, and the LAPD are quite busy throwing black people in prison for drug possession. Thus, I am deeply sorry for my son's behaviour. He should have never acted like a terrorist unless he intended to be a terrorist." Saddam added that his son had let him down, "He is a great disappointment at the moment. He doesn't believe in terrorism or international instability he just likes to wear the clothes and use the name 'Hussein' and 'terrorist' to pick up chicks. I told him, 'If you want to be a really hip terrorist, then act like one.'" I hope that myself and the United States government can put this behind us so that we can get back to deal-

ing with important issues such as terrorism, and my future as Iraqi leader..."



(Above) Saddam's son always enjoyed pretending to be a terrorist.

Mr Bush accepted Saddam's apology, "I hope that our constructive relationship can continue in the build-up to the American invasion. As a father and as a person who had an 'interesting childhood', I understand Saddam's predicament. It is up to us as parents to pay the bail, bribe the judges, buy our kids a house, and land them a cushy job at the end of it."

American Christian leader Jerry Falwell lashed out at Hussein, "The world has started to accept second-

rate parenting."

Saddam's ex-wife was also critical of Mr Hussein's parenting skills, "Saddam was never there, he was always off committing acts of mindless violence here, starting a war there, murdering brothers in law etc, etc. He just seemed to care more about his anthrax collection in the cupboard than his children."

Mr Hussein defended his parenting skills, "I told him 'Don't go to America, you'll get in trouble', and then he says 'I'm going and I'm going to get flying lessons. I can do whatever I like'. He just wouldn't listen." Saddam added that he had tried explaining things to his son, "I told him, Remember the Americans are crazy. Remember how angry the government got when he had 1000 locked up in the palace and selected military targets? Or do you remember how touchy the American girl we locked in a cage was?" Hussein added that his son was present for many weapons inspections visit and thus knew that, "The Americans would go through our pantry, the fridge, and under our beds — he knew

they were crazy about terrpros. Even when I threatened to torture his first born child and pet dog he still wouldn't agree not to go to



America. He is soooo stubborn."

When asked why his step-son was so badly behaved Hussein responded, "Well he's always been a little hostile towards me since I threatened to kill his father unless he let me marry his mother, and then tested my anthrax on a couple of his school friends that came over. But really the kid just hasn't given me a chance." Mr Hussein's step son gave a brief statement, "Nobody understands, how would you feel having the same name as 'that leader'. It's all anybody asks me about, and I always get stopped at airports. I HATE HIM."

## German team blames God for defeat

Martin Warren

In response to Brazil thanking God for their triumph as World Cup victors, the defeated German captain, Oliver Kahn, has blamed the almighty for his team's loss.

Kahn stated that, "I guess before this match I thought God was on our side but obviously the Brazilian goalkeeper's post and pre-match rituals won God's favour."

Kahn noted that, "It was God that made the ball bobble out of my hands and denied me the leg strength to quickly get up and recover the ball. Conversely, God gave Ronaldo the extra speed required to put the ball in the net."

German Coach Rudi Voller, "If you watch the game closely you'll

notice that the ball seems to just jump out of Oliver's hands and on to Ronaldo's foot. Now, unless the ball has come to life, me thinks there is another explanation."

In order to prepare for the next Cup, Voller has sent three players to the Vatican, two to Israel, and a couple of Mecca, "just to be on the safe side".

God issued a statement denying Kahn's allegations, "I do not know what my son Oliver's problem is? How does he think Germany got to the final in the first place? Magical saves, near misses, bad decisions and a draw like that don't happen by chance you know. I was behind Germany and South Korea all the way."



(Above) Oliver Kahn: stunned that his team of European semi-stars could not defeat Brazil.

## Interactive Strine

Recently an individual claimed the Strine is too offensive. I've decided to ask the readers what they think. Respond to, the\_strine@hotmail.com.

The Strine,

- (a) Would make Hitler Cringe.
- (b) Makes me throw-up.
- (b) Is 'just' too offensive — I laugh then throw-up.
- (c) Just right.
- (d) The Strine is for whimps.
- (e) Where are the stories about dead Afghans, you pussy?



## Engineering Faculty to establish escort service

### Monkey Wanker

For years, engineering has been a straight male dominated course at the ANU. Due to this and the inherent ugliness of engineering students, sex has been extremely difficult to obtain. This has led the few female engineering students to hire security guards. Jane, a third year, said that after paying for food and clothing, "I have only been able to afford budget security guards — you know the ones, criminal records, drinking problems, and lots of tatoos."



(Above) A successful part of the trial program — blow-up dolls.

But with a new scheme this could all change, the ANU engineering faculty is introducing a pimp service for the students. An academic Bob Bobson said, "We feel the program will really improve the students performance, reduce the drop-out rate, allow us to poach from other universities, and reduce masturbation in lectures".

Con Dobson said the trials held prior to this program were extremely successful, "the Rubber doll program, and wank up galleries (run by the ANU chaplaincy) have been a great success".

Stu Student said, "Due to the trials I was much more focused and eager to get to classes".

Student stated that the escort serv-

ice would formalise the existing sister-swapping arrangements in the faculty.

The service will be cheap as the faculty will tap into the already existing vocational training program at UCAN. A UCAN official stated that, "Our students really hit the ground running, they need to, ANU engineering depends on it".

The faculty will also be able to use the service to lure foreign dignitaries and visiting academics. According to Bob Bobson, "This will put us on an even par with countries like the United States, and Thailand".

The biology faculty opposes the proposal. They have said that, "We must remember that history has shown that sex often leads to reproduction. Engineering students would usually not reproduce as they are not considered to be desirable breeding partners. This program will contaminate the gene pool."

Despite these complaints the program will go ahead, and many other universities are looking to get on top of the situation and set up their own service.



(Above) Could these engineers be more motivated?

## Australia to play Pakistan in Egypt

### Gillian Tidwinkle

Due to the possible threat of terrorism on the sub-continent, the Australian Cricket Team has decided to play Pakistan in the Egyptian desert. The decision was taken after the Al Qaeda terrorist group issued the following statement:

"We will kidnap, kill, and sledge Australian cricketers in Pakistan until the Australian government agrees to ask the United States government to ask the Israeli government to move their whole country into the Red Sea. Only then will the Australian cricket team be safe".

Shane Warne and Adam Gilchrist, considered by themselves to be important enough to be terrorist targets, were unwilling to play in Pakistan.

Steve Waugh, however, was extremely enthusiastic to play anywhere, "I'll play in Afghanistan. In fact, the more dangerous, the better — the less likely the selection panel will replace me with some young up-starts"

The game itself began yesterday in Egypt. Tony Greig called the game as follows, "The pitch here is very sandy it should turn a bit...in fact the entire field is quite sandy. We've actually been waiting a while for the first ball to be bowled the players and umpires are just having trouble finding the pitch and the ball, which were lost in a dust storm along with my keys earlier this morning."

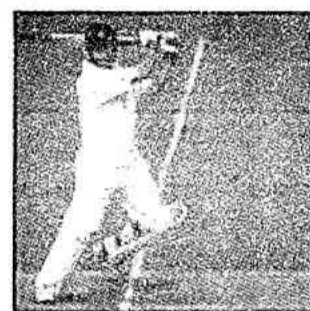
Greig described the atmosphere



(Above) The locals conduct a pitch inspection.

in Egypt as "remarkable". He noted, "...just look at this...this is really what cricket in Egypt is all about. Now for our viewers we don't actually have a crowd but we've sort of got locals just walking past pointing wondering whats going on. They occasionally walk onto the field accidentally, and the players just have to wave them

off...it's incredible."



(Above) Steve Waugh pledged to play anywhere if the selectors would pick him.



(Above) The dressing rooms had to be constructed from scratch.

## Simon Crean: Please Try and Understand Mark Latham — For My Sake.

Dear Australia,

I am writing to clarify a few of the comments made by Mark Latham. I believe it is important Austrians understand the message behind Mark's language.

Firstly, Mark called John Howard an "arse-licker". This comment was not meant to be taken literally, rather, he was merely saying that, while we still feel regret for what happened on September 11, it may be time for Australia to point out to America some issues upon which we do not agree. Such disagreement is an important part of the strong bond we share with the American people, and the debate will only strengthen our resolve in

the War on Terror.

Recently Mark said, "If I get that fuck-chop Evans who was sticking it to that cocksucker Kernot I'd thump the fucking wanker." Mark was just expressing how he was personally hurt as a result of being lied to, and also how angry he was that that two of his colleagues allowed their personal lives to affect their conduct as representatives of the people. I'm glad Mark brought this important issue to the public's attention, however, he could have used different words.



I will now discuss Mark's unfortunate comments regarding Mr Howard's visit to the Pope. I think it is for the best that we don't repeat these comments. Let me affirm that the Labor party does not believe Mr Howard and His Holiness are in any type of relationship but never the less myself and my colleagues believe Mr Howard's visit will not be productive.

Now, Mark did imply that he was speaking just like Western Sydney people with the exception that, as Mark put it, "I've got a fucking

economics degree". Mark wasn't saying that people from Western Sydney were obscene but rather endorsing multiculturalism. We have a diverse and rich Australian culture, and Mark's language celebrates a aspects of our culture. By referring to his degree Mark was just noting how his knowledge of good economic management helps him represent multicultural Australia.

So please don't take Mark Latham out of context and if you do please don't let his comments affect your view of me, I've got enough image problems.

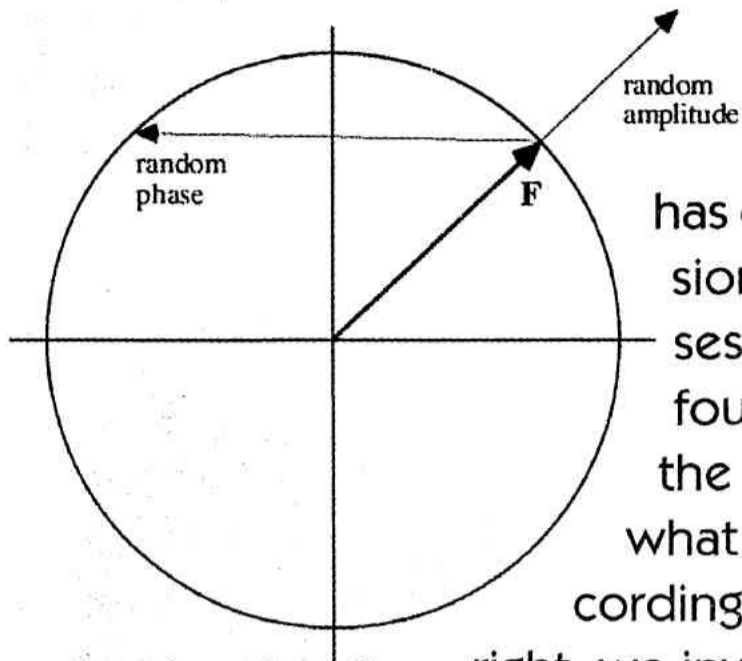
got goss? think the 'strine is sexy?

wanna write for the 'strine?

email us:

the\_strine@yahoo.com or woroni\_articles@student.anu.edu.au

# the art of being random



being a specialist in the field of 'randomness' dr ricardo has observed with much interest the undergraduate's obsession with the word 'random'. in fact, after several intense sessions of eavesdropping in the refectory and uni bar, he found that it surpassed 'token', 'procrastinate' and 'fuck' as the most overused word in the undergrad vernacular. so, what does being a 'random' or a 'random' event entail? according to ricardo, "what constitutes 'random' is inexplicable."

right. we invited the eminent dr to discuss the delicacies and indelicacies of being a random. if you have any random tales you would like to share, please email: [woroni\\_articles@student.anu.edu.au](mailto:woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au).

Dear Ricco,

Yesterday, on the bus to Belconnen, I sat next to this guy who later revealed to me he was Jesus. He told me he was a student of the Bible and that all the other Jesuses were phony.

Was this guy for real or was he just a major random?

John-Paul Michael

John-Paul,

Thanks for your question. This is an extremely interesting area of random studies. My colleague, Jessamine Hinklesnort has coined it 'Osbourne psychosis', in recognition of the distinguished random Joan Osbourne, who brought us to question whether God was just a slob like one of us, or a stranger on the bus. And so it follows, that people claiming to be Jesus, or other deities, are particularly prevalent in and around bus interchanges and 24 hour convenience stores.

I would hazard a guess and say that 'Jesus' was pulling your leg. There are many people claiming to be Jesus out there, who nearly have us all fooled, except for one minor detail. The clue is in the footwear. If they're not wearing sandals, you know you've got a prankster on your hands. You've probably noticed that there are fewer people claiming to be a Hindu god around. Vishnu is notoriously hard to imitate, and I've only seen one or two people successfully pull it off in my time (and that was when I was on a pretty solid dose of LSD).

To lessen your chance of being approached by god-imitators, wear clothing or carry a prop which clearly demonstrates your status as a believer. God-imitators will not try and convert you for fear that you will try and convert them. It is a little known fact that the universal believer-apparel is simultaneously wearing a short sleeved shirt with a tie, riding a bike and carrying a Bible in your front pocket. However, my personal favourite is the t-shirt which reads: "I found Jesus. He was behind the sofa the whole time."

PS: Please do not call me Ricco, if you are going to bastardise my name, I prefer Riccoschmicko.

Dear Dr Ricardo,

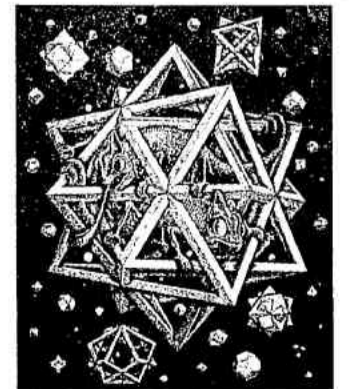
I was having trouble studying for this econometrics exam, and I had an e wrapped in foil in the freezer. I was having trouble concentrating, and, frankly, was getting quite bored, so I popped the pill. Every so often the compulsion to dance was overwhelming, so I had to have dance breaks throughout my marathon study session. This was a totally random event, but ever since it occurred I have questioned whether I, in fact, am a random. I need help.

The Cookie Monster

Mr Monster,

Hmmmm. I am quite concerned that you have not realised the full consequences of your actions. Actually reaching full random status, is something that is quite difficult to attain, and should not be treated as a joke. My lab is full of students, who are working tirelessly to become full randomness, and your silly prank merely goes against what I have been working so hard to achieve: that is, dispelling the myth that one random occurrence suddenly elevates you to full random status. No, my child, being random involves much more than taking drugs to alleviate study pain. It involves an unwavering commitment to all things random — you think that taking ecstasy while studying is random? No no no. *Random* is taking an acid trip *during* the exam. *Random* is snorting nutmeg at your grandmother's house.

*Random* is serving your parents magic mushroom soup. And believe me when I say there's a very fine line between randomness and stupidity. I must say, however, that your experience illustrates that you have the potential to become a brilliant random. At the moment, you are what we call a 'petit random'. Society needs to realise that being a random is a gift, not an affliction, but if you need counselling, my petit random, please call my toll-free number: 1 800 RAN DOM. Oh, and beware of econometricians, they're psychos.



(Left) A random molecule; (Above) Dr Ricardo's pet salamanders.

# approachable shakespeare

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BEL SHAKESPEARE'S

# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE ADAPTED BY THOMAS

Experience double trouble, razzle dazzle, family calamity... let's go hand in hand to a place where the magical word is 'comedy'. Prepare to be amazed as dysfunctional families and suspicious minds caper into a magical, riotous pandemonium of illusion and confusion, and out to a delightful calamitous reunion. The BSC's sparkling new production features the talents of world renowned illusionist Ross Skiffington, the glamorous design of Jennie Tate, and an evocative jazz score by American composer Phillip Johnston.

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29 JULY AT 6:30PM

30 JULY AT 7:30PM

26 JULY - 10 AUGUST

### WEEKENDS

3 & 10 AUGUST AT 1:30PM

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### Meet the BSC!

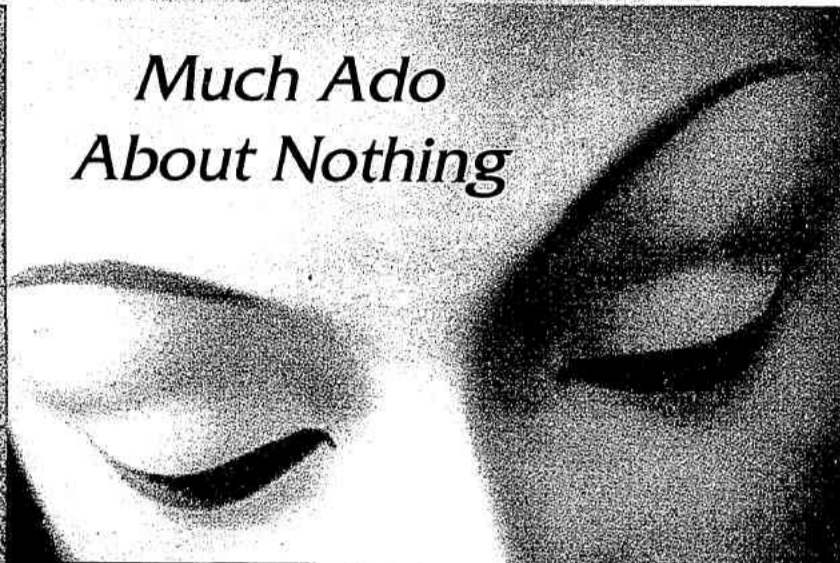
Get behind the scenes with a pre-season briefing in the theatre production. Bell and Ball Ensemble, guest artists and the creative team of *The Comedy of Errors*.

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## Much Ado About Nothing



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"It's mammoth [for a college production], there's over 50 people involved," says Luisa Pauletto, director of the latest production to from Ursula College Theatre. "We've sort of revamped the Shakespeare a bit, really made it a priority to clarify the dialogue so we don't have people sitting there saying, 'what?'" This collaborative production, playing in late August, has the backing of a hardworking, supportive production team. Of course, Luisa also speaks favourably of the actors; "The cast is great. I love them. I want to marry them!" Not to be missed.

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CAN YOU DIG IT?

WHO'S THE CAT WHO WON'T COP OUT  
WHEN THERE'S DANGER ALL ABOUT?  
SHAFT!  
RIGHT ON!

**LAURIE OAKES**  
IS  
**JOHN SHAFT**  
"YA DAMN RIGHT"